THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 313 — NUMBER 4065

JUNE 3, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GENOA PESSIMISM

LORD BIRKENHEAD stated shortly before the adjournment of the Genoa negotiations that their failure would place the world before 'one of the blackest moments since the Middle Ages.' Extravagant as this opinion may seem, it hardly overstates the pessimism that prevailed in the British press during the waning weeks of the Conference. *The Nation and the Athenæum*, a consistent advocate of international harmony, believes that President Poincaré, in his speech at Bar-le-Duc, meant what he said, considering him 'a man of method, even a pedant, who weighs his words and writes his speeches.' In that case, the Conference was wrecked from that date forward, and England must sacrifice either the Entente or the whole idea behind the Genoa meeting.

Either we stick to France and to the whole French system for Europe, reduce Germany to a still lower abyss of ruin and despair, and banish Russia once more into outer darkness, or else we take our own course and make our own arrangements with Russia.

This journal concludes that there would be little difficulty in Great Britain's forming with Russia, Germany, and the neutrals 'a reasonable and harmonious European family.'

The *Outlook* is still more outspokenly anti-French. It believes that England should cherish no illusions as to what the Poincaré policy means.

It means that we have lost the stakes for which we fought the war. For centuries England has always opposed the attempt of any one Power to assert hegemony over the Continent. Philip II, Louis XIV, Napoleon, William II, tried and failed to make themselves supreme in Europe; we dashed the hopes of each of them with the help of their weaker enemies. Are we to permit M. Poincaré to succeed where these great pirates failed?

A contributor to the same journal, Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby, says: —

America has sent Europe to Coventry. England — and by England I do not mean just the British Government, but the English people — appears likely to follow that example. . . . Since France has become the leading Power in Europe, the Entente is a shadow of its former self. . . . We are told that the popular instinct in America and England is all wrong; the world is a unit, it must settle down, and we must take our share in the work of salvage. That is profoundly true, and it is the leading argument of the idealists, who are, after all, very practical men in their desire to restore civilization. But there comes a point at which the popular instinct stands firm and refuses to budge. It came in America over the League of Nations. It has come in England over the Genoa Conference.

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As a result of the failure then foreseen at Genoa, English interests are rapidly swinging away from continental politics toward overseas and Colonial affairs. The English mind is constructive. It wants to see results of its work, and there are no such results possible so long as French policy dominates in Europe.

The *Spectator* impartially castigates both parties, saying: —

We know that in this matter France is unsympathetic and obstructive, and we deeply regret it. But exaggeration, either of the wrong-headedness of France or of her justification, will not help us at all. The disservices of those who virtually urge France again to take up arms against Germany are almost matched by the disservices of our wonderful pacifists, who have now reached the point of saying in effect to the Government, 'If you do not knock France down and teach her a lesson, you are no friend of peace.' We ought no more to be harsh and unhelpful to Germany in order to please France than we ought to forget that France stands in history as by far the greatest sufferer from German aggression.

Referring to the Russo-German Treaty, the editor says: —

When M. Poincaré says that France insists on collecting all the money that is due her, whether from Russia or from Germany, he is speaking on behalf of millions. All the same, though the French people naturally want their money, and though the habit of investing in government loans is more widely spread throughout the French population than in any other country, the mass of the French people are not militaristic at heart. There may be many things that they want; but they want peace — the opportunity to stay at home and to till their small lands and carry on their trades — more than anything else in the world.

The Russo-German rapprochement continues to engage the attention of the European press and is likely to hover upon the horizon of European politics, even if it does not largely monopolize that horizon, for an indefinite time to come. *Le Figaro* sums up the French liberal opinion regarding the recent Treaty as follows: —

Two principles that have been struggling for ascendancy throughout our history confronted each other at Genoa: a European concert and a European balance of power. The Genoa Conference was summoned to establish a concert through the candid coöperation of all Governments. It was proposed to attain European unity by associating Russia and Germany, under certain conditions, with the Entente group. But Russia and Germany elected to form a group of their own. Europe is again divided into two camps. The idea of a balance of power has supplanted the idea of a European concert.

It should be observed that the conclusion of the Russo-German agreement had immediate economic results. It produced something like a panic at the Paris Bourse, and the stock market, which had begun to improve with the assembling of the Conference, suddenly became flat and depressed.

John L. Balderston, writing from Genoa to the London *Outlook*, attributes the hasty action of the Berlin delegates in signing the Treaty to the fact that they were suffering acutely from an 'inferiority complex,' which made them doubt their ability to hold their own in negotiations with the cleverer diplomats of the Entente, and from 'persecution mania,' a familiar form of post-war neurosis. This state of mind inclined the Germans to attach undue importance to rumors that Lloyd George was establishing closer relations with the Russians, and to interpret these rumors to their own disadvantage. The German press, as was noted in the *Living Age* prior to the Conference, manifested much distrust and irritation over earlier reports to the effect that France and Russia were negotiating for a resumption of commercial relations.

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THE DAIREN CONFERENCE

IT would seem that too little attention has been given in the United States to the recent Conference between the delegates of Japan and of the Russian Far East Republic at Dairen. Commenting upon this meeting, Osaka *Mainichi* says: —

The Dairen Conference, which has been in session during the last eight months, ended in a rupture at the interview held on Friday; and the Russian delegate, Petrov, and his suite withdrew from Dairen. The Conference was opened last August, at the earnest instance of the Chita Government, for the purpose of concluding a commercial treaty and solving sundry knotty problems confronting the two Governments. The negotiation was a very complicated one. The Japanese Government made proposals involving seventeen articles, concerning the nonadoption of Communism, the Open Door and equal opportunity for commerce and industry of foreigners, the recognition of acquired rights of Japan, the opening of Vladivostok as a free port, the mining and forest concession to foreigners, and the revision of the Russo-Japanese fishery treaty.

The Chita Government demanded that Japan withdraw her troops from Siberia. A hitch came over the negotiations, which finally ended in rupture. They dragged at a snail's pace from the start, due to the fact that the instructions from Chita were always behind time because of the incomplete communications between Chita and Dairen. Moreover, the Chita delegates seemed to pin their hope to the results of the Washington Conference, thereby fixing their attitude toward Japan. However, that Conference contributed nothing to the solution of Siberian problems, whereupon the Chita representatives showed more consideration for Japan's proposals. . . .

Tokyo *Asahi* comments as follows upon the failure of the negotiations: —

Count Uchida, in his report upon the Conference to the Cabinet, stated that Japan's attitude had been characterized by a spirit of concession and compromise, but that the Russians lacked sincerity. The leader of the Russian Delegation, Petrov, in an interview with our Changchun correspondent, stated on the contrary that the Conference failed because the Japanese showed lack of sincerity in the matter of withdrawing their troops. The Chita Government would readily consent to Japan's requests in other respects. If Japan would withdraw her forces and restore the territory she had occupied in Siberia to its people, the Chita Government would welcome a commercial treaty with Japan and would recognize that country's preferential rights to fishing, forest, and mining concessions.

This journal is 'inclined to be suspicious because the Japanese Government has not yet told the truth regarding these negotiations,' and adds: 'It would be better for the Government to adopt a new policy toward Siberia rather than cry over spilled milk, apologizing for its past policy.'

Japan issued an official statement regarding the failure of the Conference, which is published in the *Japan Advertiser* of April 21. In this it is stated that though the Japanese Government was not entirely satisfied as to the stability of the Chita Government, yet it was willing to take chances in order to secure a settlement of outstanding questions in Siberia.

The principal object of these negotiations was, aside from questions of general commerce and trade, the elimination of the danger to the lives and property of Japanese subjects, as well as of the menace to Japan herself. . . .

Desiring speedily to conclude an agreement, so as to be able to withdraw her troops as soon as possible, Japan met the wishes of the Chita Government as far as practicable, in the hope of accelerating a successful conclusion of the Conference. She presented a draft military agreement, acceding to the Russian desire that a military arrangement be concluded together with the basic agreement. The Russian demand that a committee on the revision of the fishery agreement be held, with the partici-

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pation of the representative of the Soviet Government, was also acceded to. . . .

The Eleventh Division troops in Siberia, which are in the advanced lines, were to be relieved during April; but if the Dairen Conference had progressed satisfactorily, these troops, instead of being relieved, could have been sent home, thus reducing the area guarded by the Japanese troops. Japan, therefore, intimated to Chita that, should the basic agreement be concluded within a reasonably short period of time, these troops would be immediately withdrawn, and proposed the signature of the agreement by the middle of April, so that preparations for the relief of the said division might be dispensed with. Thereupon the Chita Government not only proposed the immediate dispatch of the Chita troops to Vladivostok, without waiting for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops, but urged that Japan should fix a time limit for the complete withdrawal of her troops.

In the same issue of this journal, the manager of the Far Eastern Telegraph Agency, the official news organ of the Far Eastern Republic, says that Japan presented sixteen demands to be accepted by the Chita delegates in case she withdrew her troops. Both parties were agreed upon the economic pact; but 'when the time for drafting the military agreement arrived, the Japanese delegates proposed that the economic agreement be signed at once, with the understanding that negotiations regarding the evacuation would be opened immediately. This the Chita representatives declined to do.'

The Seiyu-kai Cabinet, so long presided over by the late Mr. Hara, has since resigned, apparently on account of internal dissensions over questions of domestic policy — particularly education and railway extension. Though the Seiyu-kai Party, which now appears to be threatened with disruption, was formed as a Liberal organization to oppose the bureaucracy, it was gradually won over to a policy of heavy appropriations for military and naval objects and foreign occupation — including Siberia. It presented the Twenty-One Demands upon China. The abnormal expenditure upon armaments, and the corresponding neglect of education and public works, gradually alienated many Progressive elements in Japan, as well as responsible business interests that considered internal development and the solution of Japan's pressing social problems more important than foreign adventures. Moreover, the prestige of the Cabinet was undermined by public scandals, which resulted in the disclosure of serious corruption in high places.

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BRITISH LABOR-PARTY PROGRAMME

Last month Mr. J. R. Clynes, the House leader of the Parliamentary Labor Party, published in the Manchester *Daily Dispatch* an exposition of that party's policy. Mr. Clynes, by the way, is rated a Moderate. The *Morning Post* characterizes him as a 'moderate man who holds extreme doctrines,' and inquires whether, if Mr. Clynes were at the head of the Government, 'the doctrines would direct the man or the man correct the doctrines.' However this may be, the programme of this party — so strong that its success at the next general election is often predicted — would be regarded as extremely radical in the United States. Mr. Clynes proposes to nationalize mines, railways, and land, and to reduce arbitrarily the interest on the national debt. He would impose a direct levy on capital, from which, however, he would exempt personal estates of less than five thousand pounds; and he would 'sweep away' the Interallied war debts, including, of course, what Great Britain owes the United States. The policy is to sequestrate the property in mines, railways, and land, paying the owner an

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appraised valuation, to be determined by the courts.

Some English papers that have discussed this programme take ironical comfort in the fact that neither the railways nor the land of Great Britain now pay a return on the investment, and that high wages have already eaten up most of the profits derived from mines. If the Labor Party were to come into power with the serious purpose of putting this platform into effect, it is surmised further that very few estates could be discovered in Great Britain that would be worth more than the five thousand pounds minimum indicated; for the immediate shrinkage in values would be immense. It is more probable, however, that a Labor victory would have very little real effect upon the immediate attitude of the Government toward private property. Such proposals as those here described serve mainly for campaign and propaganda purposes.

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WHEN THE EXILES RETURN

A Russian journal published in Berlin discusses the probable influence in Russia of the repatriated refugees, many of whom will return to their own country after the severities of the Bolshevist régime relax. To be sure, there is a 'scum' of the weaker and less fortunate among these two million voluntary exiles, who have failed to resist the temptations and demoralization incident to their changed status and environment. These will continue to populate the underworld of Constantinople, Berlin, Paris, and London. But a majority will return to their homeland with new ideas; their years of struggle and labor will not have been passed in vain. These 'new nomads' have drunk in eagerly thousands of new things; they have acquired new habits and methods of work. They will become colonizers of Western culture in Russia.

The author of this article, who is a Russian, bases this hope upon the correspondence courses he has conducted, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., with three thousand Russians scattered all the way from the North Pole to Central Africa. The number taking these courses, which are conducted from American headquarters in Berlin, is increasing by four or five hundred a month, and the pupils enrolled at present reside in twenty-six different countries. Among these students is a former banker, who is working as a chauffeur and studying radiotelegraphy. A former cook is employed in an Arabian institution at Tunis, and is taking a course in practical mathematics. An engineer is working as a farm hand in Norway, and studying scientific agriculture.

According to police figures, there are two hundred and thirty thousand Russian refugees in the city of Berlin, of whom about one hundred thousand are recent arrivals. Upon raiding a night establishment patronized exclusively by Russians, a few weeks ago, the authorities discovered that the musicians were members of the Muscovite feudal nobility. This fact was indisputably established, because the musicians were arrested on the suspicion that they were masking under assumed names. For a time the refugees lived in comfort, upon money derived from the sale of furs, jewels, and other valuables brought with them from Russia. Now that this source of income is exhausted, many who have not been able to accommodate themselves to the idea of self-support are in great distress. However, a majority seem to have discovered honorable if humble ways of earning a living. Those who possess some knowledge of handicrafts, including numerous dilettantes in wood-

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carving and metal-working, have organized coöperative groups and unions through which they have made employment for themselves. Several former Russian officers have secured positions as foremen and laborers upon large country estates.

Many peculiar characters turn up among these refugees. A Berlin lady of good social standing, compelled by her reduced circumstances to rent part of her residence as lodgings, recently took in two Russian guests, who were abundantly supplied with expensive clothing, but did not have a single pocket handkerchief in their possession or miss the absence of this convenience. The Russian restaurants and places of entertainment that have sprung up in the west end of Berlin to cater to the new colony charge very high prices. It costs from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and eighty marks to secure admission to those of the better class. Coffee and cakes cost one hundred marks, and one's check, after an evening spent in such an establishment, is likely to be three thousand marks or more. Oddly enough, in view of the fact that Russia is reported to be utterly impoverished, these places are patronized by recent arrivals from that country.

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SIDELIGHTS ON GERMAN SENTIMENT

Discussing monarchist propaganda in Germany, *Republikanische Presse*, an organ of the German 'Young Republic League' that furnishes press material for newspapers favoring Republican institutions, reviews the possible candidates for a throne as follows: —

William II is impossible. No matter how much sympathy the German Nationalists may lavish upon the 'Martyr of Doorn,' no responsible member of that party dreams of restoring him. The former Crown Prince is suspected of Liberalism and does not offer sufficient security for a sternly reactionary policy. Neither is he regarded as a man having the vigor and determination demanded in such a post. The other Hohenzollern princes are not even discussed. Their popularity has been so undermined by personal scandals that they are out of the running. It would not do to offend the strict moral sentiments of our respectable classes. Prince Rupprecht has no support outside of Bavaria. The result is that the 'future kaiser' has not yet been discovered, nor is there any prospect that he will speedily be found.

Deutsche Corpszeitung, official organ of the Kösen Student Corps Union, publishes an appeal to the students of Germany, urging them to take an active part in student athletics. From this appeal we cull the following paragraphs: —

Periods of ferment demand all-round development; periods of peaceful and uneventful evolution call for the specialist. . . . To-day, when we are paying so bitter a price for our past errors, and when a new renaissance is dawning on the world, calling not only for men, but for noble and perfect men, the specialization of the past is no longer in place. . . . Our academic youths realize this. They know that mere specialization will no longer serve . . . that they must fit themselves for the times, if they are to be the leaders and the saviors of the nation.

The coming athletic contests at the Berlin Stadium will be an event

where no distinctions of rank and birth will exist, where every man will extend the hand of fellowship to his neighbor in a common cause. When workingmen and students meet on the green turf in friendly rivalry, they will carry the friendships there made into their daily life; and as a result, those who have not had the advantages of learning will more willingly accept the leadership of their educated comrades.

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HISTORY AND FICTION

BY GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

[*The following article is part of the Sidgwick Memorial Lecture delivered at Newnham College, Cambridge, in* 1921. *Mr. Trevelyan is a grandnephew of Lord Macaulay and himself a distinguished historian and man of letters.*]

From the *Cornhill Magazine, May*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

HISTORICAL fiction is not history, but it springs from history and reacts upon it. Historical novels, even the greatest of them, cannot do the specific work of history; they are not dealing, except occasionally, with the real facts of the past. They attempt instead to create, in all the profusion and wealth of nature, typical cases imitated from, but not identical with, recorded facts. In one sense this is to make the past live, but it is not to make the facts live, and therefore it is not history.

Historical fiction has done much to make history popular and to give it value, for it has stimulated the historical imagination. Indeed, a hundred years ago it altered our whole conception of the past, when Scott, by his lays and novels, revolutionized history. He found it, in his boyhood, composed of two elements distinctive of eighteenth-century thoughts — first, the patient antiquarianism that was laying the foundations of history proper, and secondly, a habit of sententious generalization, which, though much in advance of the wholly unphilosophic historical gossip of preceding ages, missed a number of the most important points for want of sympathy and experience. 'The age of common sense' had forgotten, among other things, what a revolutionist or a religious fanatic was really like.

This form of the historical art, with its sound antiquarianism and its superficial analysis, was already moribund, having reached perfection under the hands of Gibbon. For within its narrow limits something like perfection was possible to this kind of history, and perfection cannot grow. No one could improve on Pope, so poetry stood still for fifty years, till Wordsworth gave it 'another heart and other pulses.'

History had not so long to wait. For Scott followed on Gibbon so soon as to leave history no time to dawdle and decay, perched on the height where the great master had set it. Gibbon had traced in his cold, clear outline the procession of fourteen calamitous centuries, that move past us with slow and stately pace, each as like to the one that it follows as are the figures in the frieze of the Parthenon. That was how Scott found history; he left it what it has been ever since — an eager aspiration, destined to perpetual change, doomed to everlasting imperfection, but living, complex, broad as humanity itself.

To the calm eye of Gibbon, mankind remained from the age of the Antonines to the age of Rienzi essentially the same, divided up in each succeeding era into a number of formulas, — the magistrates, the philosophers, the priests, the nobles, the plebeians, the Barbarians, — each class retaining the same generalized character throughout the piece.

It was Sir Walter who first showed us how not only clothes and weapons, but

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thought and morals vary according to the period, the province, the class, the man. To him the pageant of history was more like a Walpurgis night than a Parthenon procession. His Shakespearean wealth of imagination and breadth of sympathy, furnished with ever-fresh material from the mine of his antiquarian researches, answered more truly than Gibbon's classicism to the wild variety of nature, forever making and breaking new types of men and things. The most famous lines of the poetry of Scott's own era, though I dare say Sir Walter thought them sad stuff, read like an etherialized version of his own view of history: —

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's Orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,
Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go.
New shapes they still may weave,
New Gods, new laws, receive:
Bright or dim are they, as the robes they last
On death's bare ribs have cast.

Not only poets, but historians who came after Scott thought quite differently about the past from those who came before him. Macaulay, when he and the century were each twenty-eight years old, wrote an essay on 'History' (now printed in his *Miscellaneous Works*). The young essayist there sketched out the kind of history which he already aspired to write, and actually wrote twenty years later. He says: 'Sir Walter Scott has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated.' Now, if you look to see what Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon lack, you will see at once how very large are the 'fragments of truth' that even the greatest historians 'threw behind them' before Scott taught them better. Everything that is intimate, everything that is passionate, everything also that is of trivial or daily occurrence, all the color and all the infinite variety of the past. It is not merely the 'truly great historian,' but the middle-sized and small historians, whose sphere has been enlarged by the pioneer work and infectious example of Scott. But the great ones no doubt profited most greatly. Scott 'fished the murex up,' so that Carlyle outdid Macaulay in azure feats; 'both gorged'; but Scott himself, we all rejoice to remember, managed to 'eat turtle' for a while.

An historical novelist, if he is to be anything more than a boiler of the pot, requires two qualities: an historical mind apt to study the records of a period, and a power of creative imagination able to reproduce the perceptions so acquired in a picture that has all the colors of life. Some writers, like Charlotte Yonge, Charles Reade, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and Mr. John Buchan, in his last set of short historical tales, *The Path of the King*, — far the best thing he has written, — can do valuable work, each in his own degree, by exploiting carefully the results of modern historical scholarship, with the help of the amount of imagination that each has.

In some of the early historical novels of Quiller-Couch — *The Blue Pavilions*, for example, or *The Splendid Spur* — imagination plays the greater part. The historical setting, though not unscholarly, seems to have been chosen mainly as supplying an enfranchisement from the world of present-day reality for a young author who wished to let his humor and fancy run wild in the pastures. Yet he has enough of the historical sense to make the times of

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Charles I or William III serve very naturally the purposes of his freakish imagination.

Charles Kingsley and Mr. Kipling both exercise a great effect in stimulating the imagination of young and old — Mr. Kipling especially in this generation, brought up at the foot of Pook's Hill. Both men had the gift of imagination. Both succeeded in reproducing in the brightest living colors the social, political, and military details, and the material scenery of the past. But they had a failing in common. Their actors are too modern in thought and motive. Kingsley's Saxon and Tudor heroes are, too patently, muscular Christians and Victorian gentlemen. Mr. Kipling's Romans and Normans are 'subs,' fresh from Harrow and Sandhurst, engaged in saving the Empire. We should expect this in these authors, for both are tendencious by nature. But the fault of 'modernizing' character and motive is to some degree unavoidable in writing novels about remote ages, because when we cannot know what the people were really like, all we can do is to fashion substitutes out of our own modern experience. Now, although human nature is somewhat the same in all ages, we may be sure it was not so much the same as all that.

Ivanhoe is less like the Middle Ages than *Puck of Pook's Hill*, because when it was written even less was known about the period. But, in its day, *Ivanhoe* was the greatest single step toward opening out the Middle Ages to modern conception; for it was the first attempt to envisage our distant ancestors as human beings at all. And when we come to the Scottish novels of Scott and Stevenson, the fault of 'modernizing' is much less marked. As compared with Kingsley and Mr. Kipling, Scott and Stevenson were less tendencious and more Shakespearean in their range of sympathy, and in their most successful tales they chose Scottish themes in periods sufficiently modern to allow the introduction of the language and character of the vigorous Scots whom they knew so well in daily life.

The thought, feelings, and language of North Britain in the nineteenth century, when modified by the sound antiquarian knowledge of Scott and Stevenson, do well enough in tales of Montrose, the Covenanters, and Prince Charlie. For this reason, Sir Walter's foot is safest on his native heath, and Stevenson's eighteenth-century Scottish stories, together with *St. Ives* and his unfinished masterpieces, the *Heathercat* and *Weir of Hermiston*, succeed for the same reasons.[1]

Modern cockney or provincial English characters and dialects can also be safely transferred back a century or so — as in the case of Mr. Jerry Cruncher and his wife in the *Tale of Two Cities*, and Mr. Rowley in Stevenson's *St. Ives*. But they could hardly be transferred into the Middle Ages with much vraisemblance. And so in the *Black Arrow* and in the brilliantly colored sketch called *The Sire de Maletroit's Door*, Stevenson, though he gives a most vivid and passably accurate picture of the state of society, is fain, like Mr. Kipling, to fall back on modern or conventional motives and characters. In *A Lodging for the Night* he has the real character of Villon 'given,' out of Villon's own poems; and so the tale succeeds, even though it is laid as far back as France of the fifteenth century.

That tale of Mr. Kipling which he has entitled *The Finest Story in the World* succeeds because it stops short on the threshold of the unknown.

[1] Similarly Tolstoi transfers back the Russians he knew to the period of Napoleon, in what is, perhaps, the greatest of all historical novels.

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When the story breaks off sharp, we wake with 'immortal longings on us,' as from an unfinished dream of strange passion and adventure, that we seemed to be on the point of enjoying, when it faded at cockcrow. This effect, artistically the highest, but not capable of prolongation, has been sacrificed in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. There, in order to enjoy the supreme pleasure of living for some appreciable hours in a fully visible past, we gladly pay the price of partial disillusionment, which no oak, ash, or thorn can magic away from grown-up eyes.

Thackeray's *Esmond* is one of the best of English historical novels, judged as such. Clearly it owes much to Macaulay. But it is the work of historical fiction in which a feeling for the spirit and details of a period in the past is most perfectly blended with the human interest. *Il y a des longueurs* even in *Esmond*, but these are not due to any failure with the historical setting.

Historical fiction proper looks backward by the help of imagination and antiquarian study. But there is another class of work which we may call 'contemporary' historical fiction: that is, the epic, drama, or novel of contemporary manners, which acquires historical value only by the passage of time. Just because Homer, Shakespeare, and Fielding copied from the life of their own day, their work, as historical evidence, has a value entirely lacking to the historical novel proper. They give evidence, not indeed as to particular events, but as to the manners, thought, and customs which they knew so well, revealing just those psychological shades in which chronicles and legal or economic records are deficient.

At the head of the works of fiction that Time has thus transformed into historical evidence stand Homer's lays. In a period of which we know otherwise almost nothing at all — far less than we know about the England of the Conquest — Homer has rendered the daily life and thought of those far-off men and women more familiar and intimate to us than are the lives of any of our English ancestors prior to the time of Chaucer. Homer gives us a glimpse through the blackest part of the 'curtain of old night,' into chambers hung with glittering armor, and rocky coasts under a burning sun. Even 'if the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were all fiction,' says Professor Gilbert Murray, in that most imaginative and entrancing of works of scholarship, *The Rise of the Greek Epic*, —

> If the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were all fiction we should still learn from them a great deal about early Greek customs, about practices of war and government, about marriage, land tenure, worship, farming, commerce, and above all, the methods of seafaring. Let anyone read thoughtfully the story which Eumæus, the swineherd, tells of his life, in *Odyssey*, and then consider how much history of the life of the Ægean, about the seventh century B.C., he has learnt from three pages of poetical fiction.

After Homer come Chaucer's Prologues and Tales and the Elizabethan theatre. We value Ben Jonson to-day less for his 'learnèd sock' than for such learning as he shares with Hogarth and Charles Dickens, the things he saw and heard in the pothouses and alleys of old London, and reproduced with an art that only the author of Falstaff could surpass. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, which links up Aristophanes with Gilbert and Sullivan, is 'of so airy and light a quality' that, considered as historical evidence, many will hold it 'but a shadow's shadow.' And yet I think it helps to prove that the old prentice life of London once contained a spirit of lyrical joy and imagina-

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tion not to be found in the city life of to-day.

The views not only of ordinary readers but of historical specialists have been deeply affected by Smollett, Fielding, and Miss Austen, as regards the manners of the squirarchy and other classes in South England in the early and late eighteenth century, respectively. Fielding and Miss Austen were both shrewd observers, but the police magistrate may have exaggerated and the lady may have minimized the coarseness of the society which they approached from two different angles of experience.

But when allowance has been fully made for this, the chasm that divides Squire Western from Miss Austen's gentlemen of the same county fifty years later remains a problem of importance to historians. It suggests, what indeed other evidence confirms, that a real change took place among the rural gentry during the century that boasted for its chief object the civilizing of the neglected manners of mankind. Beau Nash, who operated at Bath in the same county, was one of the chief leaders of the movement which improved away Squire Western.

The name of Bath reminds us how contemporary fiction, when it is great literature, usurps the place of history in our thoughts about the past. As the stones of Venice still embody the Italian Middle Age, so do the stones of Bath embody the English eighteenth century. The outward aspect of the town still reflects the character and breeding of those who gave it glory, the aristocracy whose motto was *simplex munditiis*. Its comfortable and dignified streets, cast up the hillside in lavish disarray, received fashionable society, season after season, during the hundred years when fashionable society had taken over the conduct of politics and the patronage of letters and art from the fallen Court of the Kings, and had not yet handed them on to the people at large.

Under the first four Georges, there is scarcely one of 'the Great' to whom Bath was not familiar. Yet it is not their memory that most haunts us when we visit that city. Perhaps, indeed, as a phantom post-chaise turns the corner of the London Road, we can see through the window the profile of the dying Pitt with the Austerlitz look upon it. Perhaps at the Pump Room we may remember two of its extinct tyrants, Beau Nash and Dr. Johnson. But most of us will think more often of certain much humbler West-country families who, judged by strictly historical standards, never existed at all. The spot in Bath that I was most anxious to identify was the room where Catherine first saw Tilney at the dance.

History can tell us comparatively little about people as humble as Catherine and Tilney. Yet Tilneys and Catherines were always more numerous than Dr. Johnsons and Pitts, and they more closely resembled you and me. If the genius of Miss Austen can reveal their hearts and minds to us, our historical knowledge is immensely enlarged. She has not only written great psychological novels for all time; she has also enabled the people of the twentieth century to look back into the minds and hearts of their analogues in the last years of George III, in a manner entirely beyond the scope of the historian.

'Balzac's novels form the best history of 1830. He alone, among French historians, has grasped the essential features of the society that revolted from the ideas of the Restoration.' Those words are not mine. They were written by Professor York Powell, who also declared that 'history is an absolute science, as much, for example, as botany.' How he reconciled these two

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opinions I am not called upon to explain. At any rate, if, according to Powell, Balzac is an 'historian,' and if an 'historian' (again according to Powell) equals a 'scientist,' and if, therefore, Balzac is a 'scientist,' then this much debated question, whether or not history is a science, is the merest battle about words. For my part, though I do not think history is a mere science, I should not call Balzac an historian. But he has certainly left us a great historical document on France in the thirties.

Among our most priceless national archives are *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy*. Their author — think of it! — had himself been a midshipman in Cochrane's ship the year after Trafalgar! What would we not give to have an equally vivacious collection of stories about the conquest of Gaul from the stylus of a real subaltern of Cæsar's Tenth Legion; or about the settlement of England dictated by a Norman lad who had come over the year after Hastings! Even if all the adventures were imaginary, how immensely our knowledge would be increased.

One of the many rewards for acquiring historical knowledge is the pleasure thereby added to our reading of the great works of fiction, which are becoming historical by the passage of time. Their number is increasing year by year; already *Pickwick* and the early Victorian novels are beginning to take on this character. Historical scholarship not only enables us to understand words and references scattered haphazard along the page, but adds to our enjoyment of the contemporary picture of bygone classes and types, each with its social, political, or religious peculiarities, because we see it all in the setting of our knowledge of the whole period.

When Squire Western says: 'Most o' zuch great estates be in the hands of lords, and I heate the very name of themmum,' the point of these words in the mouth of one of the richest landowners in Somersetshire is doubled if we are aware of the social and political relation of the Tory squirarchy of that day to the prevalently Whig Upper House.

And when his sister, whose foible is Affairs of State, says to him: 'Brother, I am entirely at your service. Things look so well in the North that I was never in a better humor,' it gives us a perceptible glow of pleasure to be able to fit in her chance expression, 'the North,' with the political jargon of the age, in which 'the North' meant the group of foreign questions centring round Sweden. And in larger matters, there is a real intellectual pleasure in comparing the aspects of society which struck or escaped the notice of contemporary novelists with the same or different phenomena emphasized by the retrospective analysis of modern social historians, such as Cunningham or Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, who, we may remark, more and more treat old novels as a form of evidence to be collated with other sources.

Meredith's *Vittoria* partakes of the character of both the classes of fiction which we have been discussing. It is partly an historical novel looking back to the past, like *Waverley* or *Westward Ho!;* partly a work of contemporary fiction that has by process of time become historical, like Chaucer or Miss Austen. The scene of *Vittoria* is laid in 1848, and is a study of the spirit of the *quarantotto;* but Meredith's knowledge of Italian patriots and Austrian officers, though first-hand, was of later date. He acquired it chiefly in the sixties, and his knowledge of the Austrians in particular he owed to his acting with them as war-correspondent for the *Morning Post* in the Königgrätz campaign of 1866.

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Vittoria contains the finest and truest picture of Mazzini that has ever been drawn; it is the best appreciation of the Italian character in its strength and its weakness; and it is, I think, the best book ever written, either in prose or poetry, about the Italian *risorgimento*, even though the last part of it 'is lost in shallows and in miseries.'

History and literature were regarded as sisters in the classical culture which ruled the European intellect for four hundred years and is now passing away. Under that régime both literature and history flourished in this island, and much else besides. What have we put in its place? I hope we shall try to replace it by a modern culture in which history and literature will still be regarded as sisters. If not, it will fare ill with both of them. They will both be impoverished. They will, if isolated from one another, fail to appeal to the best intellects and highest imaginations which classical education attracted of old. History and literature, if separated, will be destroyed in detail by the advancing and massive strength of science. If science could drive in a wedge between them, forcing them back on separate bases, she would be sole mistress of Europe.

Fortunately, the study of modern literature, as now conducted in schools and colleges, is entering into close relations with history. Teachers find that they cannot explain the poets and prose men, even of the last century, without giving them an 'historical background.' To be rightly understood, Shelley and Byron are already in need of the prelude of the French Revolution and the environment of the Holy Alliance: their poems can no more be studied *in vacuo* than Milton and Chaucer themselves.

And if the study of literature thus requires an 'historical background,' most periods of civilized history have their 'literary background,' without which they lose a great part of their meaning and value as subjects of study. To take one example out of many, we should care little about the fascinating state of society in England in the eighteenth century if we were ignorant of its literary and classical atmosphere, which lent to Chatham's genius its majestic eloquence, and mingled even the tainted breeze of political corruption with a perfume so delicious.

There is another way in which history and literature are allied. At bottom, the motive that draws men and women to study history is poetic. It is the desire to feel the reality of life in the past, to be familiar with 'the chronicle of wasted time' for the sake of 'ladies dead and lovely knights' — if it were only by discovering the nature of the 'lovely knights'' fees. History starts out from this astonishing proposition — that there is no difference in degree of reality between past and present. Lady Jane Grey was once as actual as anyone in this room. And we had best be careful before we think of her as a phantom lady, with her head under her arm, for we are of her succession, and shall soon be no more and no less ghostly than she. We, too, are only queens and kings for a day. We are all food for history. No one century, not even the twentieth, is more real than any other. That is the most obtrusive and hackneyed, and yet the most mysterious of all facts. It is the common ground of all religions, all philosophies, all poetry. Though some of us may think of it this way and some that, it is at the bottom of all our thinking.

The Elizabethan poets were obsessed by it. They called it 'mortality,' and have given to it the most profound aud beautiful expression in all literature: —

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Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power;
How with his rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

Hamlet in the graveyard was more concerned with the fact that we would soon all be as dead as Alexander and Yorick, than with the more consoling proposition that Alexander and Yorick had once been as much alive as we. It is that more cheerful side of the matter which history labors to make real to our slow imaginations. The past is a tale of real people, not of abstractions. To this poetic philosophy, inherent in every smallest historical fact, Carlyle has again and again given expression. Though he often, indeed, groaned over Dryasdust, he idealized his work and even went so far as to prefer the smallest fact about the past that Dryasdust could collect, as being more poetical than all Shelley and more romantic than all Scott. Take any passage at random from *Past and Present:* —

But now, sure enough, at Waltham 'on the second Sunday of Quadragesima,' which Dryasdust declares to mean the twenty-second day of February, year 1182, thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manor House; and, in some high Presence Chamber and Hall of State, get access to Henry II in all his glory. What a Hall — not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night! The Winchester Manor House has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they? Why, *there*, I say, seven centuries off; sunk *so* far in the Night, there they *are;* peep through the blanket of the old Night, and thou wilt see!

And then, in the description of the sudden breaking-off of the Monk Jocelin's chronicle, we have a passage that goes to the very root of the magic that lurks in every original document:—

The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure; departs, and — And Jocelin's Boswellian Narrative, suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny, *ends*. There are no words more; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable; the miraculous hand, that held all this theatric machinery, suddenly quits hold; impenetrable Time-curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the twelfth century again, and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Cœur-de-Lion, and St. Edmund's shrine, vanish like Mirza's vision; and there is nothing left but a mutilated black ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep, and *dilettanti* pasturing in their places.

And again, in that most wonderful essay of his on Boswell's 'Johnson,' he says: —

Consider all that lies in that one word *Past!* What a pathetic, sacred, in every sense *poetic*, meaning is implied in it; a meaning growing ever the clearer, the farther we recede in time — the *more* of that same *Past* we have to look through! History after all is the true poetry. And Reality, if rightly interpreted, is greater than Fiction.

Intellectually, of course, everyone would always admit that the past was real — with the exception of a few metaphysicians who might claim to reserve judgment on the point. But to admit the truth of the proposition is not to feel it as a living fact. It is the detailed study of history that makes us feel it; that is the attracting pleasure of this study, which inspires the driest of antiquarians and the most scientific of historians. The ignorant Philistine thinks that we historians are absorbed in the dusty records of the dead; he supposes we can see nothing save

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The lost-to-light ghosts, gray-mailed,
As you see the gray river mist
Hold shapes on the yonder bank.

But to us, as we read, they take form, color, gesture, passion, thought. It is only by study that we can see our forerunners, remote and recent, in their habits as they lived, intent each on the business of a long-vanished day — riding out to do homage or to poll a vote, to seize a neighbor's manor-house and carry off his ward, or to leave cards on ladies in crinolines.

And there in the field, generation after generation, is the ploughman behind the oxen, the horses, the machine, and his wife busy all day in the cottage, waiting for him with her daily accumulated budget of evening news.

Each one, gentle and simple, in his commonest goings and comings, was ruled by a complicated and ever-shifting fabric of custom and law, society and politics, events at home and abroad, some of them little known by him and less understood. Our effort is not only to get what few glimpses we can of his intimate personality, but to reconstruct the whole fabric of each passing age, and see how it affected him; to get to know more in some respects than he himself knew about the conditions that enveloped and controlled his life.

There is nothing that more divides civilized from semisavage man than to be conscious of our forefathers as they really were, and bit by bit to reconstruct the mosaic of the long-forgotten past. To weigh the stars, or to make ships sail below the sea is not a more astonishing and ennobling performance on the part of the human race in these latter days than to know the course of events that had been long forgotten, and the true nature of men and women who were here before us. Truth is the criterion of historical study; but its impelling motive is poetic. Its poetry consists in its being true. Work that out, and you will get a synthesis of the scientific and literary views of history.

THE SONNET OF EVERYMAN

BY 'CUI BONO'

[*New Witness*]

Lord God, I have grown weary of the Quest,
I have grown weary, waiting for the Word.
I have cried into the Dark, and am not heard;
Of substance, as of shadow, dispossessed!
My door is open, and there comes no Guest.
These eyes have sought for light, and they are blurred.
And sick from such great hopes so long deferred,
Baulked of the best, I ask the second best.

Game on the sideboard, horses, dividends,
Bald servants with round waistcoats and soft feet,
Money, and a vast house in Berkeley Square,
Money, and many Influential Friends,
Money, Respect, and overmuch to eat;
God grant me this, my last, my final prayer.

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BERNHARDI'S NEW BOOK

BY GENERAL GUSTAV SCHAY

[Immediately before and during the war General Bernhardi was regarded — at least outside his own country — as an authority upon German militarism and military plans. His recent history of the World War, here reviewed by a Hungarian officer, will undoubtedly receive respectful consideration in Germany, although the author's reputation in foreign countries has been considerably greater than it is at home.]

From *Pester Lloyd, April* 16
(Budapest German-Hungarian Daily)

Before the war General Bernhardi was a widely quoted and distinguished writer upon military subjects, whose books, especially *Deutschlands Machtstellung und Zukunft*, had won him a wide circle of admirers and given him the reputation of an aggressive militarist. In truth Bernhardi is an aggressive sort of man, but not in the thoughtless sense of a man who advocates war for its own sake. He was an enthusiastic believer in the greatness and the providential destiny of his nation, and possessed the gift of expressing those sentiments in eloquent and inspiring language. He knew the sources of Germany's greatness; he had witnessed her fruitful development, and he thought he foresaw with certainty her future glory. In his mind it was not lust for conquest, but natural law, that pushed Germany to the front. Her growth and progress were the natural and necessary results of vital forces. A highly civilized nation of sixty-five million people must realize its destiny, in the same way that a vigorous and lofty tree makes room for itself in the forest, so that it can thrust forth its mighty crown of foliage to the sun. To fight for one's existence was, in his opinion, as imperative a command for Governments and peoples as it was for individuals. As the poet aptly says: —

Du musst steigen oder sinken,
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen,
Oder dienen und verlieren,
Leiden oder triumphieren,
Amboss oder Hammer sein.

[You must either rise or sink; you must either rule and conquer, or serve and be defeated; you must suffer or triumph, be the anvil or the hammer.]

United Germany's mighty progress during the brief period of her recent greatness, the rapid multiplication of her people, her aggressive expansion in every field of material development, inevitably unsettled the equilibrium of the nations, and aroused alarm lest the young giant get entirely out of hand. Germany was compelled by the pressure of her growing population to devote herself intensively to extending her trade and industry; she must have raw materials for these industries, and colonies in which to settle her surplus people. She must arm herself to defend her hard-earned prosperity against attacks, and to guarantee her healthy development in the future. She must grow and thrive and seek to fill her fitting place among the great nations of the earth. She must not fail, must not let herself be forced back into her old inferiority in the councils of the nations.

This spontaneous and inevitable

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growth and expansion unavoidably caused friction in countless places; friction that might be removed time and again by conciliation and agreement, but sooner or later was sure to result in a violent conflict. Eventually a situation would arise where two parties would believe they could not yield farther without imperiling their vital interests; and they would choose to fight rather than make further sacrifices. Such crises were sure to occur, in spite of pacifism, although they might come at longer intervals. Every Government should be prepared for such a possibility and should husband its strength in times of peace; for the issue is life or death. Any Government that failed to keep itself in the highest state of military efficiency incurred a tragic responsibility toward its people. Therefore it was Germany's duty to be ready for war — a duty that the nation dare not shrink.

This argument was developed in great detail and with an abundance of concrete illustrations in Bernhardi's *Deutschlands Machtstellung und Zukunft*. His purpose was to enlighten the German people upon their own greatness and their high mission in the cause of civilization, to impress upon the Government and the representatives of the people in the Reichstag their duty, and to make it certain that Germany would be prepared for any war that might befall her. He preached nothing that the Entente Governments, above all England, were not already putting into practice.

Now in his later work, *Germany's Heroic Struggle*, we find Bernhardi still an inspirational prophet, still preaching to the people, in the days of their misfortunes and distress, the evangel of regeneration. Filled with the fire of ardent patriotism and profound conviction, he tries to point out to the German people the 'mighty deeds of which they are capable, in spite of all the errors of the past, if they but remain united and resolute.' Deeply shaken by Germany's defeat, indignant at the disunity and faint-heartedness among her people, he still believes firmly in the future of his country. 'Events will be stronger than the will of our enemies, and then the German nation will rise again, like a Phoenix from its ashes, and resume her proper place on the stage of history.'

This book summarizes, in a volume of moderate dimensions, the multitudinous military and political incidents of four years of warfare. It is written in an attractive and stimulating style. The most important passages are the reviews at the end of his description of important war periods, and his final summary. These are the main buttresses of a structure for which the mass of historical detail forms but the curtain walls. It is in these reviews that Bernhardi's convincing and captivating style is at its best. He surveys events as from a lofty lookout, and subjects them to searching but judicial criticism, obviously aware that to criticize without knowing the motives behind important decisions is certain to be misleading and unjust. Bernhardi's criticism covers not only military measures, but domestic and foreign policies as well. This is right and proper; for war and politics are inextricably interwoven. When they harmonize they make success easy; when they contradict each other they lead almost certainly to failure.

The description of the events themselves, of battles and campaigns, is not always so well done. We discover that Bernhardi is not at his best in historical narrative. He does not always place important and minor incidents in their proper perspective. He overloads his text with details, such as the names of villages and heights, the number of guns

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and batteries, and similar minutiae, until the mind of the reader misses the general trend of operations. To be sure, it is an almost impossible task to compress the multitudinous events of four years of warfare into such small compass without confusing the main lines of the narrative.

Our space does not permit us to discuss at the length they deserve the criticisms in Bernhardi's book. We must in general leave the reader to form his own opinion of these. I can pause to mention only a few of the 'military and political mistakes' which in Bernhardi's opinion contributed toward Germany's defeat.

First in point of time were delays and omissions before and during the Battle of the Marne, which, through the fault of the Supreme Army Command, wrecked the original plan of operations. Germany's enemies in the West had not been crushed when the Russians appeared in full strength upon the scene. That necessitated a long war, with all the uncertainties inseparable from a protracted campaign. Bernhardi reaches the bold conclusion that after the Marne retreat the army should have continued mobile warfare instead of burying itself in trenches. The Germans would thus have profited by their great superiority in manœuvring. Naturally the question presents itself, whether the German forces, after twenty-six days of incessant marching and fighting, were physically able to continue the extreme exertion required in a mobile campaign.

Bernhardi believes that the drive against Boulogne-Calais, — two months after the Battle of the Marne, — which resulted in the fighting at Ypres and on the Iser, and was designed to separate the English from the French and to give the Germans a foothold on the British Channel, was undertaken with inadequate forces. The failure of this offensive deprived Germany of an all-important chance of victory.

Bernhardi passes especially severe judgment upon General Falkenhayn's conduct of the war as Chief of the General Staff during 1915 and 1916. After the Germans had pierced the Russian line at Gorlice in 1915, and had driven the Tsar's forces out of Galicia and Poland, Falkenhayn rejected Hindenburg's advice; and instead of falling upon the rear of the Russian army and quickly destroying it, he contented himself with driving it back by frontal attacks, thereby postponing a decisive victory. The following year Falkenhayn again left Russia to herself and concentrated all his forces against Verdun, instead of joining the Austro-Hungarians in a decisive campaign against Italy.

'Victory might have been won' in Italy, had the Germans and Austro-Hungarians advanced simultaneously from the Isonzo and Tirol. That offensive would have succeeded; and with Italy conquered, Germany might have advanced against the Alpine frontier of France. Instead of coöperating with Germany's ally, however, Falkenhayn rejected the Austro-Hungarian proposal to crush Italy first, and attacked Verdun instead. This forced Austria-Hungary to postpone her plan of attacking Italy. 'Aye, and more than that, the General Staffs of the two armies tried to hide their plans from each other! Such frivolous conduct placed in jeopardy the results of the war.' These are hard but true words. Nevertheless, it is too severe to call Falkenhayn the 'principal cause of Germany's defeat.' Other men blundered and proved wanting, whose responsibility is no less than his.

After 1916 Bernhardi ceases to speak of 'military blunders,' for Hindenburg had then assumed command. 'He saved the military situation, and we

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must admit that such blunders as we have recorded hitherto are difficult to point out during the time he was at the head of our army.' This deference to the authority of the great German warrior is easily understood. Even the shafts of criticism sometimes spare the great. Our subsequent failure to complete the conquest of Rumania, and our failure to pursue our advantages against Italy beyond the Piave, might likewise be cited as instances where we neglected an opportunity to end the war.

Besides military blunders, there were political blunders. The latter revealed themselves strikingly in the nervous, hesitating conduct of the submarine campaign, which might, under proper conditions, have attained its object. Instead of striking with all our power at the outset, and following this up with every ounce of energy at our disposal, — which would have provided us in time with all the submarines we needed, — political indecision caused half-measures to be taken that prevented our accomplishing our purpose. Germany 'neither brought England to her knees nor kept America out of the war; on the contrary she gave the enemy plenty of time to devise measures of protection against the submarines.'

Bernhardi is very critical of Germany's whole foreign policy, which he calls mediocre and in many respects ruinous. The Government had no definite programme, was constantly changing its decisions, and interfered with the General Staff instead of giving that body intelligent support. Great leaders were lacking: —

> For the men at the head of affairs were not men in the fullest sense of the word. Bethmann-Hollweg lacked decision and resolution; he was not a man of action. He paved the way for our disaster. Machaelis was not a big enough man for his place. Hertling was a superannuated old gentleman who no longer measured up to the great demands which the situation made. Prince Max of Baden was a weakling, who let himself drift with events. The Kaiser himself, unhappily, was incapable of making great decisions, and in hours of difficulty failed to maintain the proper equilibrium between the civil government and the military authorities. Hindenburg was too exclusively a soldier. Only a coup d'état to compel the adoption of a resolute policy could have rescued the situation, and we did not have a man big enough for that.

Equal indecision was shown in matters of domestic policy. The Government wavered between two parties in the Reichstag, and was not strong enough to keep the reins in its own hands. As a consequence, the Independent Socialists extended their demoralizing influence, aided by the gold and the counsels of the Russian Soviet Ambassador Joffe, who was permitted to tarry in Germany. Thus the people and the troops were gradually corrupted and the final collapse came. General Maurice, of the British army, accurately described the situation when he said: 'The people of Germany stabbed their own army in the back.' Bernhardi, who was in active service on the Western Front at the time, and speaks from personal observation, says that the army might have held its ground and defended Germany's frontier successfully until an honorable peace was secured; that the enemy was also at the end of his resources and no longer capable of a vigorous offensive.

We cannot accept all of Bernhardi's conclusions without reserve. Many of them are biased by being too exclusively German. One example of this is his account of the tactical dispositions of the French during the fighting around Reims in 1918. Germany's proposed attack had been betrayed to them; therefore they withdrew their main forces to their second positions, and stationed

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their artillery beyond the range of the German guns. Consequently, when the Germans attacked they captured the French front positions with ease, but speedily found themselves under destructive artillery-fire and could not advance farther. Their attack failed; they had wasted their artillery ammunitions on empty air.

Bernhardi thinks that the French retired because their 'previous experiences with German attacks made them disinclined to expose themselves to another one.' The truth is, however, that this French manœuvre was a new tactical device to draw on the enemy; and it proved decidedly effective. More than that, Bernhardi forgets that the Germans themselves had used this device on previous occasions.

After Germany's ably planned and conducted offensive in 1918 came to a pause, Foch counterattacked. He struck the Germans at Villers-Cotterets and won an important local success on account of the failure of a single German division. That was the turning-point in the last campaign. Bernhardi believes that, had this single division not failed in its duty, 'Foch's great offensive would have broken and Germany would probably have been victorious.' To say the least, this is a bold assumption; for if the whole military situation had been sound, the conduct of a single division could not have materially affected the final result. Bernhardi himself elsewhere admits that the Germans had failed to secure a decisive victory before the arrival of the Americans; that on the first of August the latter already had 1,145,000 men in France, and consequently had thrown 'a tremendous force into the conflict'; and he adds that for this reason the Germans were forced to relinquish their offensive and to content themselves thereafter with a purely defensive campaign.

Bernhardi's comments upon the Austro-Hungarians are quite untenable and betray an altogether too exalted idea of German superiority. For instance, he says in one place: 'The Austro-Hungarian army alone was not capable of successfully resisting the enemy'; and in another place, alluding to the same army, he remarks: 'The German forces bore the burden of the battle, and without them a victory would have been inconceivable.' Does Bernhardi believe that the German army would have been able to hold its own against Germany's enemies for four years, and to defeat Russia, without the aid of her allies? The absurdity of such an assumption is so obvious that it is superfluous to argue the matter.

This is a convenient opportunity, however, to devote a moment's attention to the unfair attacks that German military writers constantly make upon the record of the Austro-Hungarian army. Those writers seem never to tire of casting aspersions upon and deliberately disparaging their allies, in order to monopolize all the credit for themselves. It is not enough for them to dwell upon the unquestionable excellencies of the German army and to make its praise the main part of their theme; they seek to add to its glory by unfairly belittling the army of their allies, or by passing over in silence the latter's services. Whenever they jointly won a victory, only the German army is mentioned; whenever they suffered a defeat, the sole responsibility for the failure is ascribed to the Austro-Hungarians. This kind of spot-light reputation may dazzle the eye for a moment, but it cannot resist the sunlight of truth. Hindenburg is a noble exception to the prevalent attitude. He has never disparaged any of the troops that fought with them.

The old Austro-Hungarian army has

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ceased to exist and will never be resurrected. This makes it all the more a sacred duty for every man who commanded in that army to defend it from unjust attacks. The organization that has passed into history must not be unfairly disparaged in her pages. That army undoubtedly had its faults — faults due to the military and political disunity of the Dual Monarchy. It is enough to state these defects frankly once for all, and perhaps to refer to them when they help to explain a particular military situation; but it is utterly false to cultivate the impression that this army accomplished nothing. The facts of the war refute that opinion.

Let me cite a single passage, from a great number in Bernhardi's book, that concretely illustrates this false characterization of our army and its services. I take the first part of the 1914 campaign in Poland, and shall first sketch briefly its course, in order that the reader may understand the pertinent facts.

After its vigorous drive against Lublin, and its victorious battles at Krasnik and Komarov, the Austro-Hungarian army was driven back by the overwhelming weight of the main Russian forces to the Dunajec River. Moravia, Silesia, and Hungary were in peril. Hindenburg's Ninth German Army, after its victory at Tannenburg over the secondary Russian forces there, advanced from East Prussia to Prussian Silesia, in order to form a connection with the left flank of the Austro-Hungarian forces, and in coöperation with them to drive back the main Russian army which was advancing through Galicia. Attacked by the Ninth German Army and the Fourth Division of the First Austro-Hungarian on the left of the Vistula, and by the Austro-Hungarian main army on the right of that river, the Russian main army retreated; and after fighting a succession of bloody rear-guard battles and lifting the seige of Przemysl, dug in along the San River.

At the same time the Russians transferred heavy forces, under the protection of the Vistula fortifications, via Ivangorod and Lublin to Warsaw, in order to prevent their threatened encirclement by the Germans advancing through Poland, and if possible to outflank the Germans themselves from Warsaw. This manœuvre forced the Ninth German Army, after repulsing the Russian Cavalry Divisions in front of Ivangorod, to direct its main attention to Warsaw, where it was soon engaged in heavy fighting with the superior Russian forces advancing from that base. Meanwhile the Austro-Hungarian troops on the left bank of the Vistula were left to protect the passage of that river at Ivangorod, while the main Austro-Hungarian army attacked the Russians on the San. Hindenburg was not able to break through the heavy Russian forces around Warsaw. In the meantime the Russians broke through our defense at Ivangorod, and threatened to envelop him. Consequently he withdrew to the river Warthe. The Austro-Hungarian army followed him a few days later, after a vain attempt to storm the Russian positions, and retreated from the San to Krakow.

In his account of this campaign, Bernhardi gives the following description of the plan of operations: —

> A tremendously difficult task faced the German commander. He proposed to engage the mighty Russian army opposed to him with five army corps, in order to concentrate its attention upon himself and to enable the Austrians to advance; then he would attack the main Russian army on the left flank via Lublin and roll it up.

This utterly false account of the situation is calculated to create the impression that Hindenburg intentionally engaged the main Russian forces in a frontal attack, and that the

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Austro-Hungarian army was casually to advance through Lublin (!) as an incidental manœuvre. Now Hindenburg had no definite information as to the exact arrangement of the Russian forces. We know that the main strength of the Russians was concentrated in Galicia against the Austro-Hungarians, and only subsidiary forces were stationed around Warsaw and Lublin. Consequently Hindenburg was supposed to be advancing against the right flank of the Russians and not against 'the front.' So the facts are precisely the opposite of what Bernhardi represents them to be. He himself furnishes his own refutation by admitting in another passage that the Russians had one army and half of another at Warsaw and along the Ivangorod-Lublin line, while four Russian armies were advancing against the Austrians and Hungarians upon the Dunajec. The fact that in the course of the operations the Russians formed a new front opposite Hindenburg is the excuse for this tendential description, which is utterly misleading as applying to the original military situation and plan of operations.

Again, in his account of what occurred upon the Vistula-San line, he says: 'The advantages that the Germans had won fell like ripe fruit into the laps of the Austrians. They were able to advance to the San without fighting an important battle. . . . But the Germans had suffered the more heavily to accomplish this.' This is an arbitrary and unfair statement, and describes operations conducted at different times as if they were simultaneous. Neither the Austro-Hungarians nor the Germans met serious opposition in their advance to the San-Vistula line, for the Russians retreated of their own accord to those positions. In fact, the Germans encountered fewer obstacles than our own army, for only cavalry was opposed to them. When the Germans became involved in heavy fighting along the Vistula itself, the Austrians and Hungarians were fighting with equal desperation along the San, where they came in contact with the main forces of the Russians strongly entrenched.

Upon reaching the Vistula in front of Ivangorod, the four divisions of the First Austro-Hungarian Army, who were operating jointly with the Germans, proved too weak to take over the section of the line assigned them. They were therefore united with the Eleventh German Corps in a single army. Bernhardi quotes in this connection a sentence from Ludendorff's *War Memories:* 'The Eleventh Corps was joined with the First Austro-Hungarian Army in order to stiffen the latter.'

Now the truth is that the main forces of the First Austro-Hungarian Army were on the other bank of the Vistula. This German corps consequently could not under any circumstances 'stiffen' it. Moreover, when the German army was obliged to shift its front against Warsaw, and additional units of the First Austro-Hungarian Army were transferred across the Vistula, Hindenburg withdrew the Eleventh German Army Corps. How dared he venture to withdraw the forces that 'stiffened' the Austro-Hungarian army precisely at this critical moment? Such unjust imputations merely weaken the case of those who make them.

But there is yet more. Bernhardi blames the First Austro-Hungarian Army for failing to prevent the Russians from forcing the passage of the Vistula at Ivangorod, thereby compelling the Germans to retreat from Warsaw. 'The German army had fought with devotion and at every sacrifice against greatly superior forces. It retreated before the enemy undefeated, because its left flank was threatened and the Austrians had surrendered the Vistula to the enemy.' But the First

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Austro-Hungarian Army also had been fighting against vastly superior forces. Two Russian armies were opposed to it as well as to the Germans. And so far as the surrender of the Vistula is concerned, the Russians did not cross that river at Ivangorod, where the Austrians and Hungarians were stationed, but at the mouth of the Pilitza, which was defended by the German Guard Corps. So if there was any blame in the matter the Germans themselves were at fault. But there is no question of blame. It was the stronger army that conquered at Ivangorod and forced the Germans to surrender their position in front of Warsaw.

In fact, Bernhardi himself says that Hindenburg retreated because 'his left flank was threatened.' It would have been quite as true to have said that the Austro-Hungarian army was forced to withdraw to the San because the Germans retreated from in front of Warsaw; the truth being that the Germans began to retire on October 8, while the Austro-Hungarian retirement to the San did not begin until the fifth of November.

But mutual recriminations of this sort are unnecessary and useless. Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians all fought bravely and well; the enemy won because he was the stronger.

I believe that I have said enough to show that Bernhardi's account of this campaign is biased. His misleading statements cannot be due to accidental errors, for he always twists the facts in favor of the Germans. That is a great misfortune, since it impairs our confidence in the objective value of the remainder of his book.

Let me mention a curious detail in conclusion. Bernhardi is apparently not aware that such a country as Austria-Hungary existed. For him there is only Austria. Although he actually refers to Austria-Hungary several hundred times, Hungary is mentioned in only two or three instances, and in those cases apparently through an oversight of the proof-reader or of the draftsman who drew his maps. It is hardly credible that Bernhardi is so naïve as to fancy that his private preferences in regard to the political constitution of Europe can thus be forced upon the public. His readers know that there was an Austria-Hungary; Ludendorff knows it. Consequently the only conceivable explanation is that Bernhardi does not know the facts; that he is unfamiliar with the constitution of the former Dual Monarchy, Germany's closest and most important ally. Certainly this is remarkable in the case of an eminent General, who has felt it his duty to favor the world with his opinion of some of the most important military and political events ever recorded in history.

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HOW THE RUSSO-GERMAN TREATY WAS MADE

[*We print below two German versions of the drafting and signing of the Treaty so dramatically concluded between Russia and Germany during the Genoa Conference. The first article is from* Der Tag, *April* 19, *a Berlin Conservative daily controlled by Hugo Stinnes. The second is the official statement of Freiherr von Maltzahn, who was in immediate charge of the Treaty for Germany, and is taken from* Vossische Zeitung, *a Berlin Liberal daily, April* 19.]

I

It has been known for a long time that negotiations were under way between the German and the Russian Governments looking to the resumption of unrestricted economic and commercial intercourse. The terms of the Treaty resulting from these negotiations have also been known to the well-informed for a considerable period. When the Russian delegates stopped for a few days in Berlin on their way to Genoa from the conference in Riga, there was no concealment of what was proposed. The Treaty which has just been made public was at that time practically completed.

A difference of opinion remained concerning only one point. The German Government hesitated to recognize socialization without compensation — in other words, the expropriation of private property by Russia. The Germans feared that so radical a departure from customary legal theories in favor of Russia might have an unfortunate echo abroad, and in our own country. Apparently our Government waived this objection at Genoa. Possibly this decision was reached for the practical reason that there was no real prospect of securing compensation in any case, and that if we did so the Entente would promptly lay hands on whatever we recovered.

It is no secret that Freiherr von Maltzahn, of the Foreign Office, has been the most untiring advocate of an early understanding with Russia. He favored that policy when everybody else contended that the Bolsheviki were not competent to negotiate a treaty. The present document is the logical fruit of his years of argument and labor. Herr von Maltzahn was fully aware of the serious objections that have always existed — and still exist — to such a measure. They affect primarily conditions in Germany itself. Our local Communists will be heartened and strengthened by any measure that adds to the prestige of Bolshevism in Moscow. More important still, they will derive material advantage from our new relations. It is useless to shut our eyes to this fact. The danger of Communism is by no means past in Germany; and the greater our economic and political distress, the speedier our drift toward financial chaos, the more threatening will Communism become.

Consequently the big interrogation point that stands above our present policy in Eastern Europe relates to prospective political developments in Russia itself. We have reaffirmed in this treaty the old principle that no Power has a right to interfere with the domestic affairs of another Power. This premise is indispensable in a treaty with a Government whose economic organization is theoretically and practically repudiated by ourselves. The more intimate our foreign relations with the Bolsheviki, the more urgent it becomes for us to adopt a resolute and determined attitude toward any

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attempt to interfere with our own economic system. Moreover, it is a universal rule that treaties with foreign Powers do not prejudice or modify the domestic institutions of a country. This principle applies directly to our renouncing claims for compensation for German property socialized in Russia.

The Treaty automatically terminates the moment that the Russian Government violates the reciprocal agreement not to interfere with our domestic institutions. This must be clearly understood before we can judge the Treaty in its international aspects.

A second important objection to concluding the present treaty was its possible influence upon our relations with other Powers. Our action in signing the Treaty would doubtless have been viewed quite differently had it occurred some weeks earlier. Since that was not possible, for special reasons, we might have waited until the Genoa Conference was over. Our people will recall their indignation when Germany was not invited, together with the Russians, to participate in this or that negotiation or to serve on this or that commission. The Entente representatives evidently felt they had a valid right thus to discriminate against us. They cannot get over the idea that the victorious Governments have unlimited authority over the conquered Governments. It is evident that the German delegation concluded that such conduct on the part of the leaders of the Conference entitled them to continue the confidential conversations with the Russians started at Berlin several weeks before. An additional reason for doing so was the fear that the Western Powers might conclude a treaty with Russia behind Germany's back and perhaps to her serious detriment — a treaty that might be most prejudicial to Germany's vital interests.

English, French, and Italian comments since the publication of the Treaty are to the effect that no such idea was entertained, and that Germany's distrust was unjustified and due to nervous sensibility. But this is a case where 'the lady doth protest too much.' It is clear that the French, and probably Lloyd George as well, contemplated reviving the Russian debts through Article 116 of the Versailles Treaty. Consequently we were exposed to imminent danger of finding ourselves bound by a Russo-English agreement that would effectually prevent our breaking the shackles imposed upon us at Versailles by alliances to the eastward.

We realize perfectly that it is disagreeable for the Western Powers to discover in Germany an independent rival in their courtship of Russia's friendship. We can quite comprehend the surprise of Lloyd George at discovering his plans thus interfered with, and the fury of the French, whose policy of encircling and throttling German industry and trade was defeated by the prompt measures taken by our delegates. However, the reproaches heaped upon the Germans at Genoa are uncandid and manufactured, and serve mainly to prove the utter confusion of counsels that prevails there.

This does not affect the fact that much ill-humor has been aroused. We hope that the German Government discounted this in advance, and that there were weighty and sufficient grounds for concluding and publishing the Treaty in this hasty manner.

Whoever is seriously intent upon the economic reconstruction of Europe, and not a mere bandier of empty words, will at heart approve the Treaty between Germany and Russia. We venture to assume that, in spite of the violent attacks directed against us by the press of every country, the people

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of Europe, with the exception of the French, will speedily take a more rational view of the situation. Germany is to be credited with the first positive step yet taken toward liquidating the unhappy war and its consequences.

Russia, in particular, derives great advantages from the Treaty. These do not consist solely in the fact that we renounce our claims for compensation for expropriated property. We were justified in cancelling these claims in view of Article 116 of the Versailles Treaty (which reserved for a future Government of Russia the right to demand a war indemnity from Germany). The main advantage is that this treaty establishes a precedent. It strengthens the Soviet Government in a way that will speedily make itself felt. Moscow is no longer compelled to contemplate being forced to recognize debts for private property taken over by the State, as a condition of further dealings with the Western Powers. But an even more important advantage for Russia is the opening of the German market. That country cannot dream of an economic restoration except with the aid of German industry and trade. Care has been taken to exclude from the Treaty any phrase or allusion that might suggest the suspicion that Germany was trying to exploit or colonize Russia.

From the German point of view, the significance of the Treaty lies primarily in the fact that we thus break through the iron ring of economic and political servitude within which our enemies have tried to confine us. Even though we may not derive much immediate business profit from our trade with Russia, and even though the political support we can receive from that country may amount to little for a long time to come, none the less a mere glance at the treaty recently concluded at Riga between Russia and the Border States is sufficient to show the wide political range of this compact.

Last but not least, the Treaty is important as the first independent step taken by the German Government since our unhappy defeat in November 1918. It rescues Germany from her international invalidism and shows the world that she is still a factor in world affairs, and not merely an object for exploitation.

II

When the London Memorandum was presented to the German Delegation, we at once declared that three points in it appeared unacceptable to us. The first point was Article 6, excepting from the sums to be liquidated in Article 5 all debts and indemnities mentioned in Article 116 of the Versailles Treaty. In plain words, this point meant that Germany would be obligated to pay Russia, or more probably a third party who would be substituted for Russia in collecting these credits, for all war indemnities that Russia might claim from Germany under the Versailles Treaty.

The second point that we felt we could not accept was an article in the second appendix, providing that all industrial and other undertakings in Russian territory that on March 1, 1917 were under the control of a foreign directorate or foreign managers should be regarded as foreign undertakings. Since war then existed between Germany and Russia, no business enterprise in that country was under German control or management at this date; therefore this point excluded German enterprises from those defined as foreign in this article and entitled to special treatment as such.

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The third point was Article 15 of the second appendix, which stated that all expropriations that had occurred in Russia on or before September 1, 1917, should remain in force. These expropriations, for the same reasons that we have set forth in the preceding paragraph, applied almost exclusively to German undertakings. Consequently the London Memorandum practically disbarred Germany from at any future time securing from the Soviet Government better terms for the recovery of German pre-war investments in Russia.

Although these points in the Memorandum naturally seemed to us monstrously unjust, we refrained from protesting formally against them. A subcommission was to meet on Thursday, and we reserved our objections until that time. However, I and certain other members of our delegation took the occasion to present our objections privately to the other delegations as early as Tuesday, and still more at length on Wednesday. I had a conversation with an old personal friend, now a member of a foreign delegation, in which I laid stress on the fact that Germany felt not only justified, but obligated, in the interest of her people, to forestall by direct negotiations with the Russians what we considered the very serious dangers involved in these points.

On Thursday the proposed session of the subcommission was postponed. Simultaneously private negotiations began behind closed doors between Russia and the Entente. We waited Thursday and Friday for some information as to what was being done. On Friday a high official of the Italian Delegation came to us. We immediately expressed to him our surprise that we had not been admitted to these negotiations, the character of which we did not know, although we were aware that they were going on. The Italian representative replied: 'I do not understand why you should express surprise. The London Memorandum was drawn up primarily for the Allies, and so directly affects the Allies alone.'

This gentleman added that the purpose of his visit was to give us this information, and further, to ask us our views upon the Memorandum. We immediately explained our objections to the three points just mentioned, and asked him whether he could give us any assurances regarding them. He replied: 'I am not authorized to say anything regarding these details. I am merely authorized to inform you that the matter is being discussed, and to ask you whether we can count upon your general agreement with this Memorandum.'

Our reply was verbatim as follows:—

1. So long as the three points referred to remain as they are, we cannot take any attitude toward this Memorandum.

2. If the negotiations with the Russians continue without us, we shall be compelled, for our own safety, to protect our interests in another way.

The phrase we used, *à nous arranger ailleurs*, could not possibly be misunderstood. This concluded the interview.

Saturday I met Joffe and Rakovski of the Russian Delegation at the Palazzo Reale. We discussed what had been going on. They told me that negotiations were making progress, that differences of opinion had arisen, but that they hoped to reach an agreement by mutual concessions.

Sunday evening I had a talk with a British delegate who was also very optimistic regarding the negotiations. I repeated even more urgently my opinion that we should now be obliged to take independent action and save the situation for Germany by direct negotiations with the Russians.

That same evening several informants brought me the news that an

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agreement had been virtually arrived at. At half-past ten that evening our delegation decided to get in telephone communication with the Russian Delegation, and formally requested a meeting the following day. We held that meeting on Easter Sunday, at Rapallo, where the Russians were staying. After a very brief discussion, the Treaty, which had already been drafted at Berlin, was signed. The same evening Dr. Rathenau received a call from a confidential representative of the Allies, whom he informed of what had occurred. Early Monday morning, at 7 A.M., we transmitted the text of the Treaty to the British Delegation. Later the German Ambassador in Rome delivered a copy to Schanzer, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Thus the incident of the actual signing of the Treaty ended.

WITH EINSTEIN ON THE BATTLE FIELDS

BY CHARLES NORDMANN

[*Paris and the whole scientific world have been interested in the explanations of the theory of relativity that Professor Einstein has been giving at the Collège de France. Cordially received by the French scientists, most of whom are still chary of having any dealings with other German scholars, Professor Einstein first lectured before a distinguished audience, and later met the chief critic of his theories, M. Painlevé, in public controversy. In order to do honor to the distinguished physicist, the French scientists sent two of their number, M. Nordmann of the Paris Observatoire and M. Langevin, who later acted as French prompter to Professor Einstein during his lectures, to meet the visitor at the French frontier and escort him to Paris. Unfortunately Einstein had ensconced himself in an obscure corner of the train, and he voyaged in peaceful solitude to Paris while the welcoming committee were still frantically searching for him at the border.*]

From *L'Illustration, April* 15
(ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

WHEN M. Langevin and I were sent on the twenty-eighth of last March to greet Einstein at the frontier, — or rather to hunt for him, — our conversation during the four hours of our trip from Paris soon turned away from the incidents of the day, and was wholly given over to the eternal problems of matter and force. Shortly after the first greetings were over, Einstein expressed to us one especially keen desire — the only one which, during his short stay among us, his extreme diffidence did not make him hesitate to express to his friends. He wished to visit our devastated regions. That day's travel with Einstein among the horrible wounds that the war left in the side of France was enriched with so much feeling and such profound idealism that I wish to describe it here.

Everyone knows what Einstein's attitude was when the war broke out. Although he was then living in Berlin, he refused to take part in the famous manifesto of the ninety-three intellectuals, and showed his courage by signing, with only Professors Nicolai and

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Foerster to support him, a counter-manifesto, the Appeal to Europeans, which protested against the aggressions of Prussian militarism. The calm boldness of these public acts — which were very dangerous and in the end compelled Professor Nicolai to make his escape from Germany in an airplane — drew upon Einstein the bitter hatred and persecution of the Pan-Germanists. He endured both with that smiling and intrepid calm and that serenity which, when joined to his extraordinary scientific genius, truly make of him a *man* in the ideal sense that Diogenes attached to the word when he lighted his lantern.

That is why it was part of Einstein's moral logic to make this new move which might draw forth new protests: to visit what still remains of the damage wrought by the unjust war upon the stones of the shattered houses and upon the very earth itself, even though the dead and wounded are no longer here to emphasize the atrocities of barbarism. The desire to visit the battle fields was part of Einstein's scientific logic, also; for he is, before everything else, and will always be, a physicist, an observer of phenomena, the servant of facts and of facts alone. It was perfectly natural that he wished to see the devastations for himself and preferred the evidence of his own senses to all books and all descriptions.

The trip took place on April 9. M. Langevin, whose instruction at the Collège de France has for some years been devoted wholly to relativity, M. Solovine, the translator of Einstein's works, and I myself, started off at half-past six in the morning — for it was to be a busy day — to meet Einstein at his lodgings. The physicist's famous little yellow valise — certainly nobody ever traveled with such an immense lot of learning and so very few clothes — was safely stowed in the limousine, and we whizzed off across Paris at full speed. Einstein remarked that he still felt the charm of the evening before, which he had passed at the Théâtre Français, where he had been delighted with the production of *L'Avare* and *Les fausses confidences*. He liked the latter best, because he thought they played *L'Avare* a little too 'dramatically'; but he could not find enough to say about the wit and grace of Marivaux and the intelligent acting of those who interpreted it.

It was a bright, sunny morning that gleamed on both things and people without warming them in the least, and the keen nipping cold of the rosy dawn set both our cheeks and our noses aglow. It was an atmosphere that favored lively and subtle conversation, of which there was no lack during the trip; and perhaps I shall be pardoned if the order in which I reproduce our conversation is not remarkable for its coherence.

Einstein had his face well muffled between his eternal gray coat, pulled up to the chin, and his traditional artist's hat, which with its limitless brim looked exactly like the solar corona at the time of a total eclipse. He was alert as ever, and the fatigue of the unprecedented scientific discussions from which he had emerged completely victor and greater than ever had not at all changed his smile, which is always full of meaning, nor dulled his mild black eyes, whose glance, when he laughs, is like that of a college boy.

He spoke at length of the tact and kindliness and the exquisite delicacy of French hospitality, of the courteous restraint of our people from top to bottom of the social ladder, and of the glances that were stealthily bestowed on him when somebody recognized him in an auto-bus.

'It is n't that way in America,' he said. 'Over there everybody comes to

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give you a vigorous "shake hand," meantime informing you of his name. You forget the names, but the accumulated effect of the "shake hands" leave their traces in the bones of your fingers. I can't stand this sport like a Taft or a Roosevelt, and my admiration for those statesmen has increased considerably.'

Einstein had a few queer experiences, nevertheless. It was a charming Parisienne who asked him: 'Is it true, as I read in the newspapers, that you have the most powerful brain that ever existed?' Einstein replied: 'Your statement lacks strict scientific precision' — but the tone in which he uttered it is inimitable and, alas! quite beyond description.

The rather dismal houses that one passes in leaving Paris were soon left behind, and we were in the open country, where little wisps of fog like scarfs, on that chilly morning, were wreathing about every bush and near-by object. Einstein loves the landscape of the Île-de-France, although travelers have said a thousand times that it is unpretentious. I may be permitted to say once more that the adjective is wholly adequate. In nature, as in art and science and even philosophy, Einstein prefers what is coherent, balanced, ordered, and homogeneous. That is why he loves Mozart rather than Wagner.

In many a place the spectre of war raised itself before us, the war which is already so far behind us in time, but which our motor brought near enough in space. Here were the traces of trenches that had been filled up, where among the growing wheat one could still make out the muddy home of duty and suffering and death. Here was the first cemetery where the French, with their white crosses, and the Germans, with their black crosses, were buried side by side. Einstein took off his hat. He was moved. In his musical voice he talked with gentle sadness of the war and of militarism, which he has always hated.

Though we had now reached the point of the extreme German advance, we had scarcely left Paris. One trembles to think of the frightful peril endured in those days of anguish by the only thing worth living for — liberty.

Here was Dormans, the location in 1918 of Foch's general headquarters. Farther off was the mountain of Reims. The shattered houses grew more frequent. Trees killed by gas stood up like dead silhouettes, dismal as so many gibbets. The very soil was stripped away in some places, and bore like incurable tumors the hummocks thrown up by bursting shells. This first contact with devastation gave us a tightening sensation in the throat.

'We ought to bring all the students of Germany to this place,' said Einstein, 'all the students of the world, so that they can see how ugly war is.' Our conversation turned about this idea for a long time. We agreed that most of the people everywhere are more or less passive, and that, in spite of everything, those who have studied exert a directing influence over them, by instruction and by the irresistible force of ideas.

'All peoples, however,' said Einstein, 'have many false ideas of one another, because their ideas are too bookish. The majority of the Germans certainly had an idea of the French that was far too literary — by which I mean an idea that conformed closely to what they read. A good many men, perhaps, have an idea of war, and of the ruin it causes, that is also merely literary. How very desirable it would be if they could all go and see!'

We reached Reims. The complete destruction of this great city, where the only houses standing are those recently constructed, and where streets are bordered with calcined ruins and with

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whole sections of shattered walls; this spectacle that has been described a hundred times over and seen a hundred times over by most of us, but whose reappearance always chills the heart; this picture of the ruins that the clear sunlight and the transparent sky of that April Sunday made to seem still more an atrocity against nature — all this impressed Einstein profoundly and stirred him to reflections full of pity and the noblest humanity.

Before we went to visit the Cathedral and the famous ruins, we stopped for lunch. Einstein, in spite of our insistence, did not care to taste the champagne that we ordered. He was content to sniff at the bubbling liquid, and when I asked him why he drank no wine, he replied smilingly: 'I do not need wine, because my brain is acquainted with intellectual drunkenness.'

How one understands the profound meaning of his reply, when one reflects that the whole world of science has come forth in a new form from that brain! Certainly there is no wine that can give pleasures comparable to those of the intellectual intoxication caused by discovery and the contemplation of the universe. That, I think, is what Einstein meant to say.

And yet his logic seems to me to be somewhat at fault, for he smokes, and he smokes a lot: cigars, cigarettes, and above all his little brier pipe, which is curved (is not light itself curved in Einstein's universe?), and from which he sends out, with conscientious application, clouds of azure smoke. He did not seem to care much about the quality of what he smoked, and when I apologized for offering him a rather bad cigar, he said: 'What does that matter, provided it makes some smoke?' I asked myself whether this love for tobacco is not intended merely to create a screen to hide the immediate surroundings from his glance, which is always directed toward infinity; just as an artist, in order to look at a distant landscape, holds out his hands to shut off from his eye the useless light and details close at hand.

I apologize for giving so many facts about Einstein that may seem so petty they would be annoying if any other man were concerned; but I feel encouraged to go on, when I recall how glad we should be to-day to have a few details about the walks and talks of Newton, Descartes, and Archimedes, and with what enthusiasm we should read a genuine description of the garden of Epicurus.

Einstein does not like what he calls 'flowers,' and he has reproached me in a friendly way for some of the 'flowers' that, with sincere admiration, I have scattered over his work. I have promised to take care in the future always to mix in some thorns. Yet it is a fact that the scientific construction of the world he has brought us is admirably coherent, free from the contradictions in which science involved itself before his day; and it is also a precious instrument for new discoveries by experiment. The scientific discussions, the controversies that took place in Paris, have also shown that this edifice is able to overcome the most profound and extended objections and the explanations demanded by the keenest minds.

Whatever may come in the future, this work marks at present, and will mark for some time to come, — and for my part, I think it will be a long time, — a stage in the history of human thought. That is why I have not thought it silly to set down here a few trifling conversations and some minor peculiarities of this extraordinary man, so extraordinary that, in spite of his almost childlike modesty and his sincere desire for self-effacement, he concentrates upon himself to-day the minds of all thoughtful people — and

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the glances of a good many others. I imagine that five thousand years from now learned men will be glad to read these details, and for lack of anything better, I am glad to give pleasure to my readers, even across such a gulf of time.

During luncheon the conversation turned on philosophy, science, and the origin of Einstein's ideas. Although his work is wholly scientific and completely apart from metaphysics, Einstein has no contempt for philosophy. To him the notions fundamental to all knowledge, the idea of origin, and especially the idea of causality, are, when one searches them to the bottom, metaphysical ideas. He asserts that the meditations of the philosophers have had much to do with the beginning of his work; and nothing could be more evident when one remembers that his acute and pitiless criticism of the ideas of time and space set up by the older science was the point of departure for the theory of limited relativity, and constituted the essential part of the first famous memoir that appeared in the *Annalen der Physik*, in 1905.

It is especially interesting to discuss with Einstein the scientists and philosophers who have directly influenced him. He never wearies of praising Henri Poincaré and his enormous labors — 'one of the most amazing brains of modern times.' Poincaré, as I have had occasion to show elsewhere, was a relativist without the name. He steadily refused to admit the absolute time and absolute space of Newton, though he did not see how one could escape from Newton's arguments; but he felt certain that some day the escape would be made.

There was, however, a point, to which Einstein himself drew our attention, where Poincaré paused in his early progress toward the theory of relativity. That is his idea of geometry. In Poincaré's opinion, the Euclidean geometry — that is, the geometry taught in the schools — was the real geometry, the only one that correponded to the physical world. In looking further and in announcing the fact that rays of light curve with their weight, as experiment has recently shown, — something that Poincaré never suspected, — Einstein has demonstrated that, on the contrary, the real geometry, the one that actually does correspond to the nature of things themselves, is not the geometry of Euclid, but a non-Euclidean geometry. This is one of the most important points in his claim to distinction, one of those that mark out sharply the distinction between Poincaré and Einstein — the crucial point which has permitted us to set up a generalized relativity, and the reply to the hitherto insurmountable objections of Newton.

Besides Poincaré, the Viennese physicist Mach has exerted a determining influence upon Einstein. It is known that Mach proposed to base all mechanics wholly upon experience and altogether upon facts, without making any appeal to abstract ideas. Especially in the study of motion, Mach has always refused to consider anything but the displacement of some objects in relation to others, their *relative* movements in the physical sense of the word, or, where the movement of the heavenly bodies are concerned, anything but their movement in relation to real stars. Einstein is glad to recognize that here is a road traced toward some of his ideas, a road which only the inadequate mathematics and philosophy of Mach prevented him from following out with success.

It is a curious fact that Mach, who recently died at an advanced age, in the preface to his *Optik* — a book that came out a little before his death — declared himself an adversary of the

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theory of relativity. 'But,' said Einstein to me, 'that is only because he was getting old.'

Lorentz, the Poincaré of Holland, one of the most important forerunners of Einstein and one of those who preceded him at the Michonis lectures at the Collège de France, Einstein declared 'the best brain for physical science in our time.' One of us protested, 'Not quite the best'; but Einstein only smiled pleasantly and added, 'Lorentz is the man that I like most.' Once again life upset philosophy. Time was pressing. We had to go.

I should like to report here a scene that impressed me, on which it would be useless to make comment. A few tables away from us two French officers of high rank in full uniform were lunching with a very distinguished-looking lady. I could see that they quickly recognized Einstein, and one of them, as I found out afterward, went out to make sure by asking our chauffeur. When we got up from the table, they all three rose without saying a word, all moving together, and bowed low and respectfully to the great physicist.

This scene, so simple in that commonplace dining-room, in the midst of that destroyed city; this respect and spontaneous admiration from French officers to one who, as they very well knew, was on his way back to Berlin; this homage which was addressed to a brave and noble man no less than to a kindly scientist, had in it something that was profoundly moving. Yes, truly, idealism, good sense, tact, in spite of some stupidities, will never cease to grace with their delicate flowering this marvelous land of ours.

Before leaving Reims, Einstein insisted on paying a long visit to the Cathedral. Confronted by the appalling devastation of so much beauty, he stood in silent consternation. We respected the silence of his thoughts. We knew too well what they must be, to have to listen to them. Everything has been said and written on the spectacle of this wretched cathedral, which, in spite of its total ruin and the annihilation of its marvelous stone details, still holds the beauty of its former lines, over which the light of heaven falls. Let us say no more.

The hour grew late. We had to rouse Einstein from his meditation. We started off across streets without houses and across houses without walls; and as we went along, at the sight of the royal palace, which amid its ruined desolation still reveals the noble proportions of other days, Einstein again exclaimed in indignation against war. It was easy to see that the destruction of the beautiful stirred him no less than the destruction of the useful, for he is one of those to whom nothing is more useful than beauty.

Then we came back to those lines of opposed trenches, at the very gates of Reims, where for four years men stood still to be slaughtered, or where death fell like a great motionless bird. There was nothing here but desolation. The fields are so torn to pieces that they are certainly lost to agriculture, and it would need billions to level them off again before they could be put under the plough. Trees, — or rather what had been trees, — little stumps, torn and blackened, studded all that dismal horizon, on which the chalky subsoil made great white patches.

The only vegetation was metallic, brambles of barbed wire devoured with rust, which twisted in entanglements everywhere, amid barrels of explosives and surrounded by black and gaping jaws, yawning up to heaven — the entrances of shattered dugouts. Here were the two gigantic mines of Berry-au-Bac, side by side, in one of which hundreds of Frenchmen, and in the other, hundreds of Germans, perished

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in the explosions. You might have thought them two lunar craters.

After we had visited these celebrated spots, where we had another opportunity to see how much brave idealism and hatred of injustice Einstein hides within himself, we set out upon the road once more. When we congratulated Einstein upon having such large human feelings, 'Many a German,' he told us, 'thinks just so.' Let us at least try to agree with him, while we wait for proof.

We went on to Craonne, to Craonnelle, to Soupir, to Chavonne, to all the famous localities that edge our route along the Chemin des Dames, which once upon a time were villages, and now are nothing more than calcined stones and heaps of earth in an appalling desert. Here is what was the Fort de la Malmaison. Here are the villages and the cities that, during almost all of the war, were occupied by the Germans. The greater part are almost wholly destroyed, but they do not give that sensation of utter annihilation that the villages along the Chemin des Dames leave with you. Sometimes on a corner of a wall one could still see a German inscription, *Ortskommandantur*. Ah, those who want to drive the memory of the war from men's souls need only assemble here — instead of meeting in the most charming beauty spot of the Mediterranean coast — and they will understand how impossible that is, so long as the memory is not wiped out from things themselves.

'It is terrible!' That is the word constantly torn from Einstein by what we saw; and as we went along, he smiled tenderly at a few children who bowed to him. The night fell quickly. The gray sky burst into a cold rain that made us shiver. We hardly talked any more, and when we did talk, it was of the war, of life, and of sad humanity. Science itself for the moment took second place in our thoughts and on our lips.

When we came in sight of that wooded spot from which the Big Bertha fired on Paris, we were astonished to think that the shell in a single moment had covered all the way that we had been so long in traveling, from Paris. In truth one must admire the ingenuity and power that man can sometimes employ for homicidal ends.

We passed on to Laon, then to La Fère, then, as the night had almost fallen, to Saint-Quentin; and there also the ruins stretched away, lost to view around the lofty pile of the Cathedral. A short meal, and it was time to separate. Here was the express that was to take Einstein to Cologne, far from that France where he had received the respect due to his courage and the nobility of his soul, the admiration that men owe to genius. He bade us good-by with the affectionate simplicity that comes so naturally into everything he does. Then — as the train gathered speed and our hearts felt the sadness of leaving such a man, and yet a kind of joy in spite of all, to think of the reception that Paris had given him, that France had given him, the great France, soldier of the ideal — Einstein bent down from his window, waving his great hat in his hand, and shouted to us an adieu: 'I shall tell all that I have seen to the men over there.'

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THE FATE OF THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY

BY NIKOLAS SOKOLOFF

[*The quasi-recognition of the Soviet Government at Genoa has provoked numerous articles attacking the Bolshevist régime, among them such revelations as are printed here. M. Sokoloff was the examining magistrate to whom the White leader, Admiral Kolchak, entrusted the investigation into the circumstances of the death of Tsar Nikolas II and his family.*]

From *L'Opinion, April 29*
(Paris Nationalist Literary Weekly)

In view of the fact that an interview recently given by M. Chicherin to the Genoa correspondent of an American newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*, contains allegations regarding the murder of the Russian royal family, I regard it as my duty to state the following facts: —

The murder of the Russian royal family took place at Ekaterinburg, during the night of July 16–17, 1918.

On July 25, Ekaterinburg was taken from the Bolsheviki by the troops of the Siberian army, aided by the Czecho-slovak troops.

Immediately after the capture of the city, the military authorities took steps to preserve legal proofs that might serve to clear up the mystery of the imperial family's fate.

On July 30, an inquiry was begun by the local examining magistrate.

After a considerable portion of Siberia had been liberated from the yoke, the various independent Governments that had been formed in Siberian territory joined in a single Government, that of Admiral Kolchak. The new Government naturally took an interest in the fate of the former head of the state and, in my capacity as examining magistrate for extraordinary affairs, I was charged with the investigation. Upon one point I lay special weight: the investigation was conducted in a strictly legal manner.

In addition to the question of the murder of the royal family, I was charged with the investigation of the murder of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, who was assassinated at Perm, and of the Grand Duchess Elisabeth Fedorovna and other members of the imperial family, at Alapaevsk.

The investigation was carried out by the lawful judicial authorities, working on a thoroughly legal basis. Once again I draw especial attention to this fact, on which I insist. I think it advisable to show that, knowing the true motives that led the Bolsheviki to that series of assassinations, I have no reason to conceal the results and facts secured by the investigation representing the Allied military command in Siberia, and that, in consequence, the French General was kept in touch with the work. I still have in my hands the document that General J—— furnished me, which enabled me to save the papers in the case at the time of the overthrow of Kolchak's army. General J—— was perfectly cognizant of the case's importance and gave me his aid at the necessary moment. The papers are at the present moment in French territory and consist of several bulky volumes, containing about three thousand pages and several hundred photographs.

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Assuming complete responsibility as the examining magistrate who conducted the inquiry, no matter who is concerned, I state the following facts:—

1. The Emperor Nikolas II and his whole family were shot with revolvers at the same time, during the night of July 16–17, 1918, at Ekaterinburg. With them also perished Dr. Botkine, the cook Haritonoff, the valet Alex. Troupp, and the chambermaid Demidova. I assert that the death of all members of the Tsar's family is irrefutably proved.

2. The murder was carried out in one of the rooms on the lower floor of the Ipatieff house, where the royal family had been kept prisoner.

3. Immediately after the assassination, the bodies of all the victims, eleven in all, were placed on a motor truck that had been got ready in advance, and were taken to an abandoned mine, situated in a forested region about fifteen kilometres from Ekaterinburg.

4. There the Bolsheviki worked until July 19, destroying the bodies, which were first cut to pieces and then burned with benzine and submitted to the action of sulphuric acid. It has been proved that more than one hundred and forty litres of benzine and more than one hundred and eighty kilos of sulphuric acid were employed.

Acquaintance with the circumstances in which these events took place is enough to account for the character and significance of the crime. A whole series of activities preparatory to the assassination itself, the accomplishment of the slaughter in a room selected in advance, the hour of the crime, the hour at which the bodies were taken to the mine, the choice of the mine, and numerous other facts definitely established by the investigation, show clearly that the murderers had deprived their victims of all opportunity of defending themselves, and that their purpose was primarily to conceal from the people the extent of the crime they had committed.

Is there any need of explaining their purpose in destroying the bodies? It is easy to understand that they thought they were making great difficulty for investigators in quest of the truth, since it is customary to regard the discovery of the body as a necessary proof of assassination. One has but to recall the difficulties in the recent Landru trial. By all these acts taken together, the Bolsheviki tried to get before the world the version of the affair most favorable to them.

The only question that remains is that of truth or falsehood. On July 18, 1918, the Jew, Jacob Movsheievitch Sverdloff, President of the Tzik (Central Executive Committee), made his famous declaration to the whole world, in which he asserted: first, that only the Tsar had been shot; second, that he had been shot by the local authorities of Ekaterinburg, without the knowledge of the central authorities, who did nothing but sanction, *post factum*, the action of the local officials.

I have in my possession the originals of certain documents showing that Sverdloff made exactly such declarations on July 18.

The very same statements as to the fate of the royal family have just been made by M. Chicherin to the representative of an American newspaper, the *Chicago Tribune*. Sverdloff was president of the Tzik, the most important government organization. M. Chicherin occupies a very high post in the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs and is, I think, regarded as the most prominent representative of the 'Russian people.' There can be no doubt that the actions of Sverdloff and Chicherin were linked and coördinated.

When Sverdloff announced to the world the 'execution' of the Tsar, he

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was lying. His tongue said one thing, but his head knew something else. I make this statement, relying on a document that cannot be refuted, for it comes from the Bolsheviki themselves — an original telegram, in my possession, which was sent from Ekaterinburg to Moscow on July 17, 1918. This telegram is in cipher. It was sent from Ekaterinburg by the president of the local soviet of the Urals, Alexander Georgievitch Beloborodoff, to the secretary of the people's commissaries, one Gorbunoff. The telegram was sent on July 17, at nine o'clock in the evening. In the course of transmission, in view of the importance of the telegram, the ciphered text was sent to Ekaterinburg for verification, after which it was sent to Moscow on July 18, at two o'clock in the morning.

There is, therefore, no doubt that this telegram was known to the Bolshevist leaders. Otherwise it would be necessary to admit that subordinates like Gorbunoff were acquainted with certain important dispatches that the chiefs knew nothing about. Mr. Chicherin was certainly acquainted with the dispatch.

After being deciphered, the contents of the telegram read as follows: —

> Inform Sverdloff that the whole family has suffered the same fate as the head. Officially, the family will die during the evacuation.

In order to avoid misunderstandings, I add the statement that this telegram was captured, together with sixty-five others, in the Ekaterinburg telegraph office, where the Bolsheviki had abandoned them in their precipitate flight. For three years I tried in vain to decipher it. I even gave a reproduction to General J——, who sent it to Paris to be deciphered, but in vain. It was only very recently that I succeeded in having it deciphered. I invite attention to the fact that among the sixty-five telegrams mentioned above, there are several ciphers that the key by which the first dispatch was deciphered fits perfectly.

On July 18, 1918, therefore, Sverdloff was lying. To-day, M. Chicherin continues the practice.

The investigation proved beyond a doubt that Sverdloff, the president of the Tzik, was certainly the chief who directed the plan of assassination. A Jew named Shaia Isaacovitch Goloschokine played a prominent part among the Bolsheviki. He was a personal friend of Lenin and of Sverdloff, whom he had known both in Russia and abroad, before the Russian Revolution. He was sent by the Central Government into the Urals, where he occupied the post of district military commissar.

Some days before July 17, Goloschokine was in Moscow, where he lodged at Sverdloff's apartment; it was he who thereupon carried to Ekaterinburg the arrangements for the assassination of the Tsar's family. With the consent of Beloborodoff and of a member of the Cheka, the Jew, Jacob Michailovitch Yurovsky, who were the chief managers of the murder on the spot, the crime was carried out during the night of July 16–17, 1918.

It seems clear enough to me why the Bolsheviki lied: they wanted to appear in the eyes of all the world as the representatives of the Russian people's interests, as the servants of the 'idea of revolution,' who were carrying it forward. They tried to represent the *murder* of the Tsar as an *execution*. There are probably a good many people who are ready to adopt that point of view. But even if they take their stand on 'revolutionary justice,' how can they explain the murder of the Emperor's children? How can they justify the cowardly murder of a little boy and four young girls? The act that

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they committed cannot be called a 'punishment'; it is nothing but a crime, which the conscience of mankind cannot approve. The Bolsheviki know this perfectly well, and a lie is their only way out.

But there is still another reason why they have to lie, and under present conditions this reason is no less important than the other. The misfortunes that led to the Russian debacle grew out of very special conditions — open war against an implacable enemy. The responsible leaders of the enemy, such men as General Ludendorff, recognized frankly that to deprive Russia at any price of numbers of combatants and to create in Russia conditions favorable to their own interests — in view of the life-and-death struggle with the Allies — the Germans must not recoil before a last resort: poisoning the people's souls by means of secret agents.

I have in my hands absolute proof that the first attempt on the part of the Bolsheviki to seize the power, in July 1917, was undertaken with the aid and in the interests of Germany, whose purpose was to paralyze the Russian offensive, at that moment beginning on the Eastern Front.

The first attempt did not succeed; but the Germans had to push matters, and so they forced the progress of events. It has been established that Austria was ready to abandon the struggle and that she had made Russia an offer of a separate peace. This took place October 24, 1917. The next day came the Bolshevist coup d'état, which ended all danger to Germany so far as Russia was concerned.

At that very time the Tsar and his family were in captivity at Tobolsk. It is proved that at Tobolsk the royal family were surrounded by German agents. These agents knew how to combat effectively certain groups of Russian patriots who sought to save the imperial prisoners. When a direct menace to German domination in Russia began to gather headway in Siberia, — for the Allies dreamed of reëstablishing a Russian Front, whether it was on the Volga or in the Urals, and the Czechs marched across European Russia to make their way into Siberia and join the Allied forces there, — the Germans withdrew the royal family from Tobolsk. The Germans sought only to preserve their own interests, for in view of the conditions that had developed they could no longer leave the Tsar and the Tsarevitch in a distant Siberian village far away from the railroad. The Russian National Forces might secure the Tsar and his heir and use them against German interests. The Germans took the Tsar from Tobolsk, for they knew better than anyone else that the Tsar of Russia was their enemy.

The Emperor was kept at Ekaterinburg, a city that had the double advantage, for their purpose, of being both a point on the railway and a Bolshevist stronghold. In this question the German and Bolshevist interests were identical, for a Russian national movement would be hostile to both. When these interests were threatened by the serious danger of a genuinely national movement, the Bolsheviki began a series of murders. The first victim was the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. Then came the crime of Ekaterinburg. Then followed the murders at Alapaevsk. These murders did away with all danger of a great national movement, and in consequences coincided with the Bolshevist and the German interests.

Before they can impose themselves as the representatives of the people and of Russian interests, the Bolsheviki are inevitably compelled to have recourse to falsehood. They are compelled to lie, not only because they have no other

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way of concealing the fact that they have assassinated children, but also because to tell the truth would be to avow their close relation with the German interests, to the great detriment of the interests of the Russian people.

By this I do not mean to say that these two forces, although both hostile to Russian nationalism, are always working together. I do not mean to say that the Germans organized the murder, but I do assert that they showed a complete indifference.

When certain Russians, fearing for the Tsar's person, addressed themselves to Mirbach, demanding of him that the German Government should take measures for the safety of the royal family and declaring that they would hold Germany responsible in case of mischance, Mirbach replied 'that the fate of the Tsar depends on the Russian people and that he did not consider it necessary to trouble himself over anything but the fate of princesses of German blood.' Having thus left the safety of the Emperor in the hands of the Russian people, who, as he knew, had been debauched by German agents, Mirbach did, indeed, take steps to save the princesses. These measures took the form of delicate negotiations between Mirbach and his successor Riezler, on one hand, and M. Chicherin on the other.

I have in my possession copies of certain German telegrams exchanged between Moscow and Berlin, in which these conversations are reproduced. They prove that during these negotiations M. Chicherin, although perfectly familiar with the story of the murders of the Russian royal family, concealed the truth — lying to the Germans just as he has lied to the whole world.

VILLAGE DRAMAS IN CASTILE

BY RAMÓN PEREZ DE AYALA

From *La Prensa, March 5*
(BUENOS AIRES LIBERAL DAILY)

PANDORGA is one of the numerous little villages lost in the barren solitudes of the Castilian plateau — of that region of land and sky.

Scientists assert that the two most persistent traits of living creatures are adaptation to environment and capacity for progress. So far as adaptation to environment goes, the greatest and busiest cities of the earth — London, Paris, New York, Rome — are mere amateurs compared with Pandorga. We might say as much of any village in its neighborhood. These little hamlets have not only adapted themselves to the dull, gray plateau, but they have become an indistinguishable part of the plateau itself, assimilating its color and its features as does everything that lives there — the birds, the animals, and human beings.

Each local species has evolved a new variety accommodated to this particular habitat. It is as though the Creator,

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when He went about the earth adorning it with natural beauties and populating it, chanced to tarry a moment in Castile, and after modeling a few human beings and animals out of the mother earth, became weary of His task, and breathed into them at once the breath of life, without stopping to adorn them with gay colors or other graces, or to plant trees and fair meadows for their comfort and delight, as He did in other parts of the world. Even the frogs are mud-colored instead of green. Moreover, these poor frogs live on dry land, because there is no water except what the people draw up from cisterns to water the stock — the peasants themselves drink the sour wine of the country — and occasional showers that are absorbed eagerly by the thirsty earth and turn it into pasty mud. Undiscouraged, however, the frogs lift raucous invocations to Jupiter throughout the warm summer nights, asking for a little more of this pasty mud. It is no exaggeration to say that the only notes of color in the Castilian wilderness and its scattered hamlets are the beaks and the feet of the storks. These are the color of boiled lobsters; although the people of the country would not appreciate this comparison, for all they know about lobsters is that they walk backward, according to the rustic proverb.

But if Pandorga is a wonderful success in respect to adaptation to environment, it is deader than a mummy when it comes to progress. During centuries and centuries nothing has changed. All that time the village has neither grown nor diminished, nor has any incident of note interrupted the placid and monotonous course of its history.

So the village of Pandorga exists in a sort of living death, a state of suspended animation, that resembles in one respect a condition of beatific ecstacy, for all its past and its present are confounded in its consciousness. Since almost nothing ever happens there, one might say that what little does occur is remembered forever. Time is like the surrounding country, level and monotonous; and the horizon of human memory is like the natural horizon, remote but clear and distinct as if within the reach of one's hand. Ancient events are as vivid as those of yesterday or to-day. A quarrel over a debt is remembered for four generations, just as vividly as a remote figure is seen at dawn through the clear atmosphere of the sun-bathed plateau.

Village quarrels usually have their origin in the settlement of estates. The soil in this part of Spain is sterile and stingy. It demands much and yields little. But scattered capriciously here and there in unexpected places are spots of great fertility that repay with abundant harvests those who till them. Such little tracts are rare. A man who chances to inherit one is regarded as the favorite of fortune. His less fortunate fellow heirs insist thereafter that they have been robbed by the evil artifices and trickery of their fortunate rival, and they and their descendants for all time to come invariably refer to him and his descendants as 'robbers.'

This exaggeration of trifles is due to an absence of history. Absence of history is one of the distinguishing characteristics of Pandorga. Great experiences dull our taste for sensations. Pandorga has had no great experiences for the past four centuries, although during the ten centuries that preceded it was a town rich in historical incident. It is as though after that eventful era the village had retired from active life and stood still for four hundred years.

Pandorga's records begin with the kingdom of the Goths. The level wastes in which Pandorga is hidden are called in ancient manuscripts 'the fields of the Goths.' An archæologist asserts that he has discovered there trifling rem-

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nants of Roman and Visigoth architecture going back to the days of King Sisebuto. It is certain that Wamba lived not far from Pandorga, where he was ploughing his fields with his oxen when messengers came to offer him the Spanish crown. The only other instance of this kind in human history is that of Cincinnatus. A town was founded in commemoration of the event, named after this ploughman monarch, and still survives as a ruinous village.

After the Goths came the Moors, and with them the decline of Pandorga. As a memento of Afric rule, two towns survived in 'the fields of the Goths,' Medina del Campo and Medina de Rioseco. Years passed, and the Christians again conquered the country; or better said, a few wealthy men of that faith took feudal possession of the villages and their people, and were constantly wrangling with their king. They built castles all over the country that, after being a source of oppression and affliction for generations, nowadays occasionally serve a useful purpose. You find one now and then used as a stable, or as a temporary shelter by wandering gypsies.

Kings and nobles contested this country until the reign of Emperor Charles V, when nobility and king united against the commons, who sought to defend the liberties of Castile. But the nobles had the best of it. The plebs, defeated and discouraged, retired to their farms and cottages, saying in their hearts: 'We have had enough history for centuries.' Thereupon they fell into a Rip Van Winkle sleep, scarcely interrupted by a brief scrimmage with the Napoleonic invaders, referred to by the people of Pandorga as *la francesda.*

This is an excellent example of how too much history may make a people tired of history.

There has been much mingling of blood in the veins of Pandorga's citizens, and each strain has added its peculiar quality to their dispositions: Iberian blood, resentful of discipline; Roman blood, stoical and stern; Gothic blood, vigorous and daring; Moorish blood, indolent and dreamy.

Apart from its history, Pandorga presents a contradiction of perfect symmetry and absolute absence of symmetry. The fields that surround the village are divided like a checkerboard. Generations of ploughmen have traced endless furrows, parallel and at right angles, until their passing to and fro has crisscrossed the country with tiny lines like a weaver's warp and woof. But as soon as you reach the confines of the village, this symmetry disappears. There is not a level spot the breadth of your palm in the single village street. No two of the adobe houses stand in line; not a single wall is plumb; not a single doorframe or window frame is horizontal; not a single window pairs with another. A church rises above a handful of haphazard cabins like a big wooden box left there by accident. These features give the village, in spite of its poverty, a certain whimsical character of its own, as if it were the product of a child's fancy and industry. Perhaps the people of Pandorga built their homes in this manner purposely, in order to counteract the oppressive geometricalness of the rural checkerboard that surrounds them.

It is ten o'clock at night, the first of August. The village of Pandorga is wrapped in deep slumber. The moon shines bright above the narrow street. The sky, as seen between the broken cornices of the houses, looks like a ribbon of blue silk, embroidered here and there with golden stars. The houses on one side of this street are bathed in the splendor of the full moon, whose bluish light striking the yellow of the walls

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produces a greenish phosphorescence. The other side of the street is dark, almost black, like the inside of a wine barrel. Windows and doors are closed. Profound silence reigns, broken only by the distant croaking of frogs praying Jupiter for a little mud, and by a dull monotonous drumming, as if of a very distant train.

But everyone in the village is not sleeping.

A black spot stands out in the shadow of the dark side of the street near a window grating. It is a young man courting his sweetheart. In the square before the church a demented gentleman is walking back and forth, now hidden in the shadow, now clearly visible in the bright light of the moon. From time to time he talks mysteriously to himself.

Beyond the village the dark plains extend in an unbroken circle to the horizon, shining in the moonlight like a great copper shield. You hear a sound like a lost child crying out there in the night; it is the goat bird. A moment later a rustling sound is borne to us by the wind. It is a flock grazing in the stubble. The tinkling of the leader's bell reaches us distinctly at intervals from the vague obscurity. Now and then a bat swings to and fro in the moonlight, as if he were suspended from an invisible thread. A breeze springs up, and dusty clouds rise as though the plain were beginning to steam and boil. Then suddenly the wind dies down, and again all is quiet. A breath of warm air strikes the cheek, drifting in from some heated pocket in the neighboring plain. Faint, ghostly wisps of mist are wafted by now and then, turning the stars behind them a shade redder when they pass. Meanwhile the frogs croak sadly, with an almost blasphemous accent in their voices.

Some distance away, but still in the neighborhood of the village, glitters an irregular cluster of twinkling lights, and a rhythmic hum as of a distant train breaks the silence. The lights and the monotonous beating sound come from a thrashing-floor. By the glow of a petroleum torch, a sturdy peasant is feeding wheat slowly into a fanning mill, while a companion gathers clean yellow grain into piles, and a third man sweeps aside the chaff. The labor of the harvest lasts all summer. During this season the Church excuses the farmers from Sunday Mass. At best they do not sleep more than three or four hours a day, and even then the work goes on, some laboring while others rest. Day and night men are cutting the grain with sickles or binding it in sheaves or thrashing or winnowing. A little later, when the mounds of wheat lie clear and golden on the thrashing-floor, the money-lender makes his appearance, to measure it and to collect in kind, plus 100 per cent interest, the grain he loaned for sowing. And what the money-lender does not take, the tax-collector gathers, in order that the Government may furnish luxurious automobiles to the King.

Down the street, dashing like a boat torn from its moorings and driven hither and thither by the current, hastens a young girl, half-clothed, and waving her arms as she alternately appears in the moonlight and disappears in the shadow. She shouts as she runs zigzag down the street, knocking at the silent doors: 'Uncle Olegario! Aunt Eufrosiana! Seña Prisca! Aunt Apolinaria! Uncle Fulgencio is dying! Seña Benedicta! Don Semproniano — holy oil! Uncle Fulgencio is dying! Seña Pascasia! . . . Seña Cirila!'

All these 'aunts' and 'ladies' roused from the depths of slumber hastily wrap the bedclothes about them and light candles. 'Blessed heavens, Uncle Fulgencio is dying!' They dress hurriedly. Decrepit old women sudden-

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ly become agile. They put on their best gowns, which they are accustomed to wear to Mass on great Church days. They hastily snatch a clean handkerchief from a drawer and sprinkle it frugally with cologne. This ceremony of perfuming a handkerchief is indispensable. It is a great refinement, the only bit of refinement in which these self-denying villagers indulge. Servants and young girls are not permitted that luxury. The old women who keep the purses and regulate household expenses reserve it for themselves.

The idea is that the fragrance of cologne confers a certain dignity befitting the respect due to elders. From ancient days much rivalry has existed among the old ladies of the village as to which uses the best brand of perfume. No one ever thinks of buying an entire bottle, but ten cents' worth, or at the utmost twenty cents' worth, from traveling peddlers. It is a kind of cologne that smells like sealing wax. Some of the more aristocratic ladies claim to use *El Globo* cologne, bought from the apothecary at Medina de Rioseco. This brand is locally believed to be the best in the world.

Soon the good ladies are scurrying hastily through the street in the direction of the dying man.

Hastily? Yes, and in the bottom of their hearts happily. For the most important event that ever interrupts the secluded and lethargic life of Pandorga is the death of some person of local importance. To sit up with a dying man, — yes, and to sit up with a corpse, — to attend the funeral, to walk with the procession to the graveyard, to deck themselves in their Sunday best, to be present at the 'comforting,' that is, the funeral banquet! Three or four consecutive days of looking forward, serious conversation, eloquent exhibitions of sentiment, biographical reminiscences of the deceased, eulogies of his virtues, and philosophical observations on the frailty of human destiny! In all truth, this affords much distraction, especially to people who have almost no other diversion. Deaths of elderly persons seldom occur less than ten years apart. Little attention is paid to the death of children; and most deaths in these villages occur before maturity. When a person once survives that critical period, however, he usually has given evidence of a stamina that preserves him through the subsequent vicissitudes of life to an extreme old age.

The old women and a few old men arrive at the house of the dying man. They enter a roomy, obscure apartment whose solitary grated window opens directly on the street. In the back of the room are two bunks. One is empty and the bedding is thrown back. In the other lies a gigantic man of colossal girth. Great folds of flabby flesh encircle his neck. He lies rigid, his face red and congested, his eyes rolled back, breathing with a labored sound. His enormous ears are violet in color, and bear a grotesque resemblance to two idle and useless fans. On a table standing between the two beds is a kerosene lamp with four wicks.

Tinacra, Uncle Fulgencio's daughter, receives the visitors and narrates volubly what has happened. 'I was already in bed and falling off to sleep. It seemed to me that Father made a glu-glu like a boiling kettle. I struck a light. Heaven help me! I saw him choking. I called and he did not answer. I roused the maid. She rushed in shrieking. I feared myself that it was all over with him. Six months ago, Father ate a hearty dinner of roast hare, and it made him very sick. Don Manolito told him if he did such a thing again it would kill him, that he must be very careful what he ate. But Father was always a heavy feeder. He would stuff himself to bursting. To-day he had

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fried eggs, pickled fish, half of a great loaf of bread, and some rolls, and a big pitcher of wine. Oh dear, now he has another attack, and I suppose this is the end of it!'

The old people draw closer to the bedside of the dying man: 'Courage, Señor Fulgencio. This has to come and "better in bed than on the gallows!"'

'The hour comes when we all must pay nature's debt. The main thing is to have no interest due to the black moneylender on the other side.'

'You should take comfort in the fact that you leave behind only one daughter, and she able to take care of herself, a robust, hard-working girl.'

Other consolation of the same sort is prodigaled upon the dying man. Uncle Fulgencio's eyes roll. A purging shiver shakes his huge body. He groans more heavily than ever.

The elderly visitors seat themselves in a body close to the bed. Don Semproniano, the village priest, arrives, clothed in his robes of office, bearing the Holy Oil. His acolyte follows him. While the priest gives the dying man extreme unction and absolution, the rest of the party remain reverently kneeling.

'Shall I go and toll the church bells, Father?' asks the acolyte, as if he shares a secret eagerness with the bells themselves to proclaim their mournful message.

The priest and his attendant depart. The doctor arrives, ties his horse to the window bars, and enters the room.

After hastily examining his patient, he observes: 'There is nothing I can do just now. I'll come back early in the morning.' The visitors interrupt him with questions, conjectures, and comments: 'Will he get through the night, Don Manolito?' asks one.

'He must have burst a blood vessel, to judge by his purple color,' suggests another.

'Quite right. It is another cerebral hemorrhage,' answers the doctor. 'I cannot say whether he will get through the night or not.'

At this possibility, several countenances brighten. One more night with something doing!

The doctor leaves and canters off to a neighboring village, to pass the rest of the evening playing *tresillo* with a couple of friends.

The priest and his attendant return and seat themselves with the rest of the party.

The demented man passes the house, repeating in a singsong voice: 'Pan Pamiolo, the great Neapolitan bandit, robbed me of all my possessions. Zumalacarregui was his companion. The stars in heaven promise justice. The sickle already glistens, and the dogs howl.'

In fact, just then a dog does howl. Uncle Fulgencio utters an angry groan and moves restlessly. The old women cross themselves.

'The madman speaks and the dogs howl together. A worse sign than an unlucky raven. The wolf and the fox have become partners.'

'Enough of that superstitious talk,' interrupts the priest reprovingly.

'He 's a goner. It is all over with Señor Fulgencio,' murmurs Seña Prisca, throwing out her arms, so that her handkerchief passes carelessly close to the nostrils of Seña Benedicta.

'Unless God has mercy,' corrects the priest.

'When the hour comes, death calls; and he wastes his breath who asks God to spare him,' says Aunt Eufrosiana. 'It is eight years now since my Senén left me; a strong, robust man without a sign of any disease! Who would have thought it?'

'Senén's was the last death we 've had,' says Uncle Olegario.

'Practically,' observes Aunt Apoli-

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naria. 'But Señor Fulgencio is half dead.'

'Death calls at every home sooner or later. Everyone mourns his lost ones,' moans Aunt Eufrosiana, wiping her eyes.

'We all have to cross the same ford. There 's no escaping it,' chimes in Seña Ramiro.

'It 's a great grief to lose one's father, Tinacra,' says Seña Benedicta. 'Thank Heaven he 's left you not badly provided for. A shop is a mine.'

'Do you call our little place a shop, Seña Benedicta?'

'A shop it is, and the only one in the village.'

'To be sure it has fed us,' acknowledges Tinacra.

'Señor Fulgencio is a witness to that,' affirms Uncle Macario. 'He was an imposing figure for you. Grain by grain the chicken gets a double chin.'

'Here all goes to the smokehouse, the lean and the lardy,' observes Uncle Parleta sagely. 'He was the big man among us little fellows. He was the pride of the village. That 's the way to go to glory.'

'We poor people say a goat can't cover itself with its tail. And in the end we have n't even that much to cover us,' sobs Aunt Eufrosiana.

'Poverty, it 's the ladder to hell,' growls Uncle Macario.

'Then you can't complain, Tinacra. It would be throwing gifts in the face of God,' adds Seña Pascasia.

'Have little but have it honestly. Who pinches his purse feels the pinch,' answers Tinacra. 'Our profits were small and the village could not pay more; to say nothing of what we sold and never received our money for — gifts, so to speak. Just this evening, before his stroke, Father did an act of charity.'

'Yes, he was generous from the time he was a little boy. He got it from his mother, Seña Salvadora,' chimes in Uncle Olegario. Then, after a pause, he adds: 'What we get from our mothers we take away with us in our shroud. Ah, Fulgencio! We played together when we were boys. We were more than friends. We were almost brothers. I never prospered as you did. Don't forget me, though you'll wait for me many years over there — I hope!'

Señor Fulgencio rolls his eyes, gurgles, and twists. Everybody rushes to the bedside.

'It 's his last gasp.'

'He 's giving up his soul.'

'Father, don't leave me alone! I am fainting. *Jesus! Jesus!* I am falling!'

'Look after his daughter! Don't let her fall! Give her something to smell!'

'Take this handkerchief. It has cologne on it. Excellent.'

'No, take this one. This cologne is *El Globo!*'

'Shall I run and toll the bells, Father?'

The cocks begin to crow. Their shrill voices pierce the obscurity just before the first rays of the rising sun. The crazy man shouts in the street: 'Zumalacarregui was his companion. Carlos was his abettor. The avenging sickle is shining up there above. Howl, dogs, howl the songs of the reaper of men! Let guilty souls plunge headlong into hell!'

Although Señor Fulgencio cannot speak, he knows all that is occurring. He thinks to himself: 'So you imagine I am going to die! Good joke! I 'll show you. You make my blood boil, but I must keep calm. To get angry just now might cost me dear. Fulgencio, listen as though you were listening to the music of the angels.' And he does not move a foot or a finger.

Sanson comes in again to ask the priest: 'Shan't I toll the bells, Father?'

'Away with you, lad!' replies the

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Father. 'All of you get away from the bed and cross yourselves. Señor Fulgencio is still alive. He seems quieter and is breathing easier.'

So the old people seat themselves again. The first gray light of dawn enters the window. Tinacra recovers consciousness and joins the conversation that continues at a lively rate until the doctor returns. After examining the sick man, the doctor says cheerily: 'By Jove, he 's doing wonderfully. The worst is past. He still has a trump or two to play. But take care, Tinacra, don't let your father gorge himself that way again.'

'I beat 'em that time,' growls Señor Fulgencio, as he watches his uninvited visitors depart. They withdraw silently, commenting in their own bosoms: 'What a tricky fellow, old Uncle Fulgencio. He would n't die for fear we 'd have a good time at the funeral.'

The live-stock is returning from the fields. The bell cow comes down the street at a trot, and enters her stable with a great jangling of copper. Milch cows and the draft oxen follow, each finding its own stall or stable. Silence ensues. A flock of birds circles twittering over the church. Then, like the rumbling of a train in the remote distance, the murmur of the fanning machine, the only modern thing in Pandorga, is audible for a moment.

On their way back from pasture, Aunt Apolinaria's cow hooks Aunt Eufrosiana's cow just under the ribs. This occurs a moment before they enter the village. The aggressor is a frisky, high-tempered heifer; the victim an old, lean, tubercular skeleton that the other cattle regularly persecute. At first the victim merely utters a moan. A few steps farther on, Uncle Filemon notices that she is limping. Before she reaches her stable, it is obvious that she is badly gored just in front of her hip.

Uncle Filemon halts astride his mule in front of Aunt Eufrosiana's door.

'What are you standing there for like a statue? Whose ox is gored?' asks Aunt Eufrosiana in surprise.

Uncle Filemon merely nods.

Aunt Eufrosiana laughs and repeats the proverbial question: 'Whose ox is gored?'

Uncle Filemon nods again.

Thereupon the old woman cackles jeeringly: 'Aha, so Uncle Filemon's ox is gored!'

Uncle Filemon vigorously shakes his head.

'Then, for heaven's sake, whose ox? What are you teasing me for?'

There is no help for it now. Uncle Filemon must speak: 'The Apolinaria hooked yours under the ribs and gored her badly, mother.' And delivering this message, he trots impassively away.

Aunt Eufrosiana understands in a flash what has happened. Her blood freezes in her veins. Her features become rigid. She does not utter a word, but stands transfixed. Recovering herself, she rushes to the stable where her cow is. It is already dusk. In the shadow the cow's eyes look larger and darker and also sadder than normal. She seems to her mistress to shed tears of pain. Feeling the animal's side in the darkness, Aunt Eufrosiana's hands at length reach the gaping wound. The cow utters a moan.

'Jesus help me! Wrath of God! Sentinels of the Apocalypse! Trumpets of the Resurrection!' Aunt Eufrosiana shrieks, her voice rising higher with every word. She tears her hair and beats her sallow cheeks. Rushing into the street, she raises her arms into the air, shakes her gray hair until it falls down her back, and shouts: —

'Neighbors, come here! Be my witnesses! I name the murderess and the finger of God points at her. It is Aunt Apolinaria. She is the bloody murder-

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ess. She has gored me. She has robbed me of the breath of life. I demand justice. Oh, unhappy me! I call for mercy — no, not for mercy — I demand justice!'

The street is already dark. The old villagers rush out at this alarm. Someone lights a lantern and they all crowd into the stable. The cow stands there trembling like a paralytic, with her head drooping almost to the floor.

'Her life is ebbing. Light of my eyes! Prop of my house!' sobs Eufrosiana.

A chorus of lamentation and sympathy arises from the spectators. The animal stumbles and kneels. She pants painfully. What suffering! What a tragedy! Poor Aunt Eufrosiana, almost her only source of livelihood torn away from her! Her husband too old and decrepit to labor. Her son married. Who will support her? She owns a bit of sterile land and a rambling old house. But who will cultivate the land? Who will look after the house? Meanwhile the cow lies panting near the lantern. The neighbors kneel about her, shocked and curious. Some murmur and moan in sympathy with her suffering.

The village farrier, who is the local authority on veterinary science, arrives. The people respectfully open a way for him and wait in deep silence for his opinion.

'Her side is badly ruptured. She cannot live. It 's my opinion, Aunt Eufrosiana, that you 'd better kill her at once. Bring Caifas, the skinner, and have her killed immediately. In that way you 'll get the value of her meat, though there is not much of it. She 's just a skeleton, gone with tuberculosis.'

'Hasten the death of my cow?' asks Aunt Eufrosiana, her eyes distended with anger and fear. 'Have her killed and let that Caifas — his Jew's name suits him — cut her up? Ah, you rascal farrier! Your soul is still unbaptized. What misadventure brought you to our honest village? What bad luck? Kill her? The one who ought to be killed is that murderess who gored me. I shall appeal to the magistrate. You people here are my witnesses.'

'Control yourself, Aunt Eufrosiana. Don't lose your head. I tell you that if the cow is killed promptly, I'll permit the meat to be sold. If she is n't killed at once, the meat won't be fit for use.'

'Shut up, you Devil's farrier!' shrieks Aunt Eufrosiana. 'I know you 'll not give her a clean bill of health. If I kill the cow, from whom shall I get damages? If the poor beast dies, we all have to die; only most of us are n't worth as as much as her. I wanted you to come to tell us here before witnesses, as you 're bound to do, what that cow is worth. The murderess will have to pay me for it, dollar for dollar. I will have the bailiff force her if necessary.'

'Since you ask me to place a value on the cow — I know the animal and I shan't forget what I believe she 's worth. Take your case before the magistrate. I 'll fix her value. You 'll pay for the appraisal, the official fee. The law entitles me to ask about ten dollars.'

'Ten thousand if you want them. I 'm not the one who 'll pay it. That murderess will pay it.'

'Possibly she 'll have to appear in court with you.'

'Drop that for a moment and answer me. The milk brought me a dollar a day, you 'll not deny that.'

'I figure it about that much.'

'You people here be my witnesses to that. In court they say that the value of a thing depends on the profit you get from it. That 's the law of the matter.'

'You 're crazy, woman. At that rate, your cow would be worth more than six thousand dollars. What nonsense! Good night!' And the indignant farrier departs.

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However, the neighbors remain sitting up with the wounded cow. Just before dawn, she dies. She lies there in the stable, an emaciated, shriveled object. The last shadows of the departing night seem to concentrate and fix themselves in her staring glassy eyes. Aunt Eufrosiana raises her voice to Heaven in lamentations, and the assembled neighbors condole with her.

The next day the dispute between Aunt Eufrosiana and Aunt Apolinaria over the damages for the dead cow is at its height. At first Aunt Eufrosiana demands a thousand dollars. Aunt Apolinaria offers fifty dollars. The priest acts as a go-between, trying to persuade both to be moderate and conciliatory. He says to Aunt Apolinaria: 'You 're responsible for the loss, although it 's not your fault. Be generous as God is generous to you. To give only fifty dollars would be like putting your hand in someone's pocket and stealing fifty dollars.'

To this Aunt Apolinaria answers: 'And how am I to get the money to do so? Even as it is, I shall not have a cent of my own for a year to come. Am I my cow? If a tile had fallen from my roof and killed the cow, would I have had to pay?'

Then the priest visits Aunt Eufrosiana again and urges: 'The price you ask would be enough to buy eight or ten cows. The farrier, who is an expert in such matters, says that one hundred dollars is a fair price.'

And Aunt Eufrosiana, who is a very religious woman and fond of employing biblical images, retorts: 'A pitcher of water has been poured upon the ground and I say unto you, "Gather together that water and put it back into the pitcher." They offer me other water, but I wish that which I have. Let them give me back my cow that I loved more than ten other cows.'

Whereupon the priest admonishes her: 'You 'll lose everything if you take the matter into court. That is the road to ruin.'

Finally Aunt Eufrosiana abruptly lowers her demand to two hundred dollars and Aunt Apolinaria raises her tender promptly to eighty dollars. Thereupon everyone busies himself in an effort to reconcile the parties: the priest, the crazy man, the farrier, the skinner, and all the more reputable and respected neighbors. Aunt Eufrosiana stands firm for one hundred and thirty dollars and Aunt Apolinaria for one hundred and ten. Closer than that they cannot come.

At length, one employs an attorney from Villalon and another an attorney from Tordesillas. They appeal the case from the magistrate of Pandorga to the magistrate of Medina de Rioseco. The suit drags out a year, during which Aunt Eufrosiana's son has several fights with the sons of Aunt Apolinaria. This results in a number of arrests and a considerable expense for court proceedings on both sides.

Meanwhile the village divides into two parties: one favoring Aunt Eufrosiana, the other Aunt Apolinaria. Despite the efforts of the priest to bring the people to reason, it is a year of bad augury and constant quarreling in the village. Ultimately the authorities levy against the meagre estates of both families for court fees. Their houses, their live-stock, and their farm implements are sold at auction down to the last centavo. Some die destitute, others emigrate to America, and still others remain in the village, living on charity.

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LENIN, THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIK

[This article is significant as an expression of editorial opinion in one of the oldest and most influential radical Socialist dailies of Germany.]

From *Leipziger Volkszeitung, April* 12
(INDEPENDENT-SOCIALIST DAILY)

AT the Congress of the Communist Party of Russia, which has just concluded its sessions, Lenin delivered an address that should be read carefully by the workingmen of every country. In it he explains to his party associates why Communism has failed in Russia, both politically and economically, and why a new organization of industry must be set up if Russia is not to be utterly ruined. He states emphatically that the retreat from Communism to Capitalism has at last ended; that the time has come to rally and reorganize the proletarian army on a new front. The task of the recent Congress was to lay down guiding principles for this reorganization, in order that the present unrest and uncertainty in Russia may cease.

We may question whether this magic prescription will banish the unrest — or better said, the chaos — in Russia, and clear the way for practical, constructive labor. Such conditions as now exist in that country have very definite and concrete causes, and they will not disappear until those causes are removed. Precisely in the measure that Capitalism is restored, will the declamatory Bolsheviki vanish from the political stage; or else they will become converted, as is very probable, into enthusiastic eulogists of the capitalist system.

Lenin briefly reviewed the 'attainments' of the past few years, preliminary to outlining the future tasks of the Bolsheviki and their Government. He laid particular stress upon the necessity of coöperating with the peasants. We all know that up to the present the efforts of the Bolsheviki to win the support and aid of the peasants have failed completely. The peasants are hostile to the present Government and its theories, and we have no reason to infer that this attitude will change in the future.

Lenin himself admits that it was a great blunder to try to build up a communist organization of production in Russia, independent of the peasants. That oversight doomed the whole project to failure, and explains why Lenin lays such extraordinary stress upon leaving no stone unturned to win back the sympathy of the peasants, and to persuade them to coöperate cordially with the present Government.

However, any person with even an elementary knowledge of the laws of economic and social evolution knew from the outset that the Bolsheviki and their brand of Communism were foredoomed to failure — above all in a country where the peasants form more than 90 per cent of the population. The fundamental fallacy of the Bolsheviki was their belief that a communist system of production and control of property could be created by political edicts and terrorist pressure. It was the more absurd to expect this in a country where, as Lenin frankly admits, conditions were more backward than in any other great nation.

The Moscow visionaries overlooked

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Marx's fundamental political doctrine, that the state is not only a governing machine with which one class rules another class, but that it invariably incorporates and expresses traditional property rights. Theoretically, we may abolish those property rights by government decrees, but we cannot do so in practice. The Bolsheviki have given us a capital demonstration of this truth. In order to remain in power, they said to the peasants before and during the Revolution: Take the land, it is yours!

But when they tried to introduce communal ownership of land, and to compel the peasants to surrender the produce of the land, by means of decrees, they were soon brought to their senses. Communist edicts were all right in theory. They served very well for purposes of agitation in big cities. But they were ineffective scraps of paper when they met the resistance of peasants fanatically determined to defend their private property. Now the peasants have become so set in their ideas of private ownership, that neither Lenin nor any other Bolshevik dreams of revoking their title to the land. Therefore Lenin did not refer to the abolition of private property in his speech, but only to joining with and working with the peasants. He said: —

Our purpose is to bring about such a union and to prove to the peasants by our acts that we are starting out with measures that they can understand and that will accomplish results in spite of our present distress; that we are not striving for something remote and fanciful from the peasant's point of view; that we can help him; and that Communism will lift him out of his present hopeless situation. It is imperative for us to convince him of this or he will send us to the Devil. This is the meaning of our new economic policy. This is the first and fundamental thing to do.

In what is this help to consist? How do the Bolsheviki propose to lift the impoverished and distressed peasants out of their misery? Lenin fails to tell us.

The second task facing the Soviet Government, according to Lenin, is to render the state enterprises able to compete with capitalist enterprises. He describes the ruinous condition of nationalized industry at the present time as follows: —

Our present situation is such that we must take our working people firmly in hand. We cannot do this through the present disciplinary organizations, perfect as they may be as Soviet institutions and as party institutions. We cannot use these at present, but must resort to devices that will ensure mass production.

The capitalist was able to supply things people needed. He did it badly. He robbed us; he oppressed us; he pillaged us. The simplest laborer and peasant, though he may know nothing of Communism, though he may not even know what Communism means, knows these facts.

However, the capitalist actually supplied goods. Can we Communists supply goods? The question was not always put in precisely these words, but it lay behind the whole crisis of a year ago. The people were saying: 'You 're fine men and all that, but you cannot do what you have set out to do in a business way.' That is the simplest, but also the most fatal of criticisms. It started among the peasants last year, and was speedily taken up by large sections of the working people and used as a weapon against the Communist Party. That is why this second issue, of making state enterprises able to compete with capitalist enterprises, has become of supreme importance.

Thereupon Lenin, revered as a great statesman and Communist leader, makes admissions as to his own incapacity, and that of his comrades, which his bitterest critics could hardly improve upon: —

We have proved during the past year that we are incompetent business men. That is a fundamental fact. If every responsible Communist workingman had understood

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clearly that we were not qualified to manage business enterprises and that we must start out and learn from the beginning, we might have succeeded. In my opinion, this is a fundamental and essential conclusion. You may not see this, and may honestly believe that people who hold such views are 'uneducated fellows who have n't studied Communism sufficiently.' You say, 'Perhaps they will learn and understand.' No, I beg your pardon. The point is not that the peasant and the nonpartisan worker who has not learned to understand Communism judges us thus; but that the time is past when it was our first duty to draft programmes and call upon the nation to carry them out.

That time is past. It is necessary now to demonstrate that you are able, in our present fearful situation, to accomplish something practical, to better the condition of the laborers and peasants. You must realize that we have entered into an era of competition with Capitalism. Mixed companies, in which private capitalists — both Russians and foreigners — and Communists all have a share, are organizations through which we may learn how to help the peasants, how to provide for their needs, how to encourage their progress.

This is fine vision and an inspiring prospect; but Lenin felt himself forced to express the following crushing judgment concerning the relative capacity of the present bureaucracy and of his comrades: —

It is clear that what we Communists of the ruling class lack is culture. Look around us here in Moscow! Consider our army of bureaucrats! Who leads that army? Do the forty-seven hundred responsible Communists lead these battalions or the reverse? I do not think we can honestly say that the Communists are the leaders. . . .

The success of the Bolsheviki in carrying out the programme that Lenin has laid down for them does not depend upon the extent to which they follow his advice and change overnight into competent business men. It depends first and foremost upon whether the capitalist states of Europe and America consent to supply Russia with raw materials, instruments of production, trained engineers, and skilled mechanics. Consequently, Lenin emphasized in his speech that the representatives of the Soviet Government were not going to Genoa as Communists but as business men and traders. This was not a suitable occasion to preach Communism and world revolution, but it was the time to show the advantage to the world of restoring Russia's capitalist production: —

In every bourgeois country a movement, which we may call a pacifist movement, has arisen. This is a bourgeois movement that proposes to put into effect a series of pacifist measures. We Communists have our own ideas regarding that brand of pacifism. It would be superfluous to dwell upon them here. It also goes without saying that our delegates will not appear at Genoa as Communists but as merchants. We must trade and the other delegates there must trade. We seek our advantage and they seek theirs. The outcome of the negotiations, if any, will depend upon the skill and shrewdness of our diplomatists. . . . We go to Genoa for the practical object of increasing our trade.

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BULGARIA'S NATIONAL POET, IVAN VAZOFF

BY LOUIS LEGER

[*M. Leger is a member of the Institute, a Professor at the Collège de France, and a recognized authority on the languages and literatures of the Balkan Peninsula.*]

From *La Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse, March*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

Ivan Vazoff spent more than half a century in the active service of Bulgaria's national literature, of which he was during the whole of this period the most vigorous and remarkable figure. His native home was in the southern part of Bulgaria, which for some years we knew under the bizarre name of Eastern Rumelia, but which to-day — and thank Heaven for it! — shares the name and fortunes of Bulgaria itself. His father's name was Mintcho Aïvazovski, but the poet himself retained only the two middle syllables as his own name.

The father, it is said, was a business man, not very well educated, rather unpolished, but otherwise a good man enough, with more turn for business than for literature. But, as if in recompense, the poet's mother was devoted to reading and exercised the happiest influence over the budding powers of the future poet.

The town of Sofia, where the family was then living, boasted about 4000 inhabitants. The Turks called it Akdie Klisse — that is, White Church. The town did a big business in woolen goods, lacework, and attar of roses; and a number of Turks formerly lived there, grouped around a mosque which has long since disappeared.

Not only did the poet's mother like to read; she even knew how to write — an infrequent accomplishment at that time — and liked writing. In her later days she edited some notes on the burning of the town by the hordes of Suleyman Pasha in 1877, describing her own flight across the Balkans and her internment in a convent which offered refuge.

The young Ivan was sent to school at six years of age; but even while he was still at his lessons he took a lively interest in what his mother read and was fascinated by the popular songs of his country. This business man's son despised arithmetic, but he loved music and geography. When he had finished his studies, — that is, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, — his father took him to help in the business; but the boy was more interested in his mother's books than in his father's goods.

He became so absorbed in what he read that he was sent to the town of Kalofer to study with the schoolmaster Botio, who kept a kind of high school there, and who was the father of the future poet, Christo Botev or Botiov, one of the first victims of national independence. The young Christo had been brought up at Odessa, whence he had brought back with him the works of the great Russian poets Pushkin and Lermontov. Ivan Vazoff was greatly taken with their masterpieces and tried to imitate them.

His father made up his mind to place his son in the gymnasium at Philippopolis, where the hard-working boy learned French by means of a dic-

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tionary, set himself to translate Fénelon's *Telemachus*, and went on to the interpretation of Hugo and Béranger. His more serious and practical studies suffered from his preoccupation with poetry, and when the time came for final examinations the young rhymester had bad marks in both Greek and Turkish. His father indignantly put him back into the store, and tried to force him into business; but instead of proper bookkeeping the incorrigible youth scribbled verses in his father's ledgers. He devoured Eugène Sue's *Le Juif errant*.

His father, in order to perfect his son's French, had subscribed to the *Courrier d'Orient*, which was at that time published at Constantinople. Then, in order to get rid of so unreliable an assistant, he sent his son to Rumania to work with an uncle who dealt in cereals. But Rumania was then the gathering-place for all the agitators who were preparing the Bulgarian national renaissance and the political freedom of their country. The young business man had occasion to mingle with them, in spite of himself, and to describe it all later in his book, *The Outcasts*.

From Bucharest he went suddenly to Constantinople, where he published some poems in a local review, and then to Mustapha Pasha, where, turning schoolteacher, he played an active part in the struggle against the Greek element of the locality.

In 1875 we find him again at Pernik in the engineering service that built the railway from Sofia to Kustendil. He took part in the nationalist movement for revolution, and then, seriously involved, fled to Rumania, where he became a member of the Revolutionary Committee in Bucharest and organized bands to help Serbia in the war that she was planning against the Turks. He has described this feverish period at length in a novel called *Under the Yoke*, which was translated into French by the Bulgarian Colonel Andreev and was published at Paris in 1897 with a preface of my own.

'Poet, publicist, and novelist,' I said at that time, 'M. Vazoff is to-day the leader of the chorus, the undisputed representative of the national aspirations of his country.'

By his political and literary activities Vazoff was marked out as an auxiliary to the Russians in their War of Liberation in 1876–77. He was attached to the provisional government of the occupied territories.

The freedom of his country cost him dear. His native town, Sopot, was burned by the Turks; his father, with a number of other townsmen, was carried off into the mountains and slaughtered; his mother was shut up in a convent. In 1878 he published a poem, 'Liberation,' the title of which sufficiently indicates its subject. In 1879 he was named judge of the lower court at Berkovica, but he was drawn to the literary life. He established himself at Philippopolis, which was the intellectual centre of Eastern Rumelia, edited a review, and poured out a flood of verses and stories.

After the Serbo-Bulgarian War of 1885, a war inspired by Austria and one of the saddest episodes in the history of the Balkan peoples, he published a poem on the victory at Slivnitza which saved his country from the Serbian invasion. After the revolution that led to the abdication of Prince Alexander and the ascent of the throne by his successor, Ferdinand of Coburg, Vazoff left Bulgaria and settled in Odessa to await developments. It was there that he began his novel, *Under the Yoke*, of which we have already spoken. In 1889 he went back to his own country again.

After that time there was no pause in his literary activity for a single

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instant. We scarcely know under what form it has manifested itself during the late war, in which Bulgaria's part has not been properly understood. Bulgaria did not declare war against France, but against Serbia, and it is to be feared that all the grievances of the two nations are not yet forgotten. If during the great war Vazoff expressed his wishes for his fatherland's victory and for our own defeat, we need not hold it against him, and we prefer to ignore it.

On September 25, 1895, the Bulgarian people held a solemn celebration of Vazoff's twenty-fifth literary anniversary, and he was thereafter regarded as the national poet. In October 1920, this ceremony was repeated upon the poet's seventieth birthday, which coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the world of politics and letters. Young King Boris presided on this occasion and bestowed upon the central figure the orders of Saints Cyril and Methodius, the Slav apostles, who from their origin certainly belong to the Bulgaria of the past. The Sobranje, moreover, voted him a national pension of 100,000 leva.

But the days of the poet were numbered, and a short time after the final triumph he succumbed. Death had no terror for him, for he was convinced of his immortality. In a poem prefixed to one of his collections of poems published in happier times, he wrote: —

I shall die soon, no doubt, but it does not matter. I have seen thy glory, O Bulgaria! My mother, I have had the joy of singing this glorious triumph!

My song bursts from my heart. The living echo of thy glory through the future shall resound. My ashes shall be scattered abroad, but these silver sounds shall echo beneath the sky.

Ah, no! I shall not die. My song is a leaf the more to thy laurel crown. In thine immortality I shall live.

One little poem which has an especial interest for us is addressed to Pierre Loti. It is well known that our eminent colleague has a peculiar liking for the Mussulman East, and for Turkey above all. Thus Ivan Vazoff calls the illustrious academician to account: —

To Pierre Loti

Five centuries of terror, massacre, and slaughter; five centuries of sanctuaries wrapped in smoke and filth; five centuries of earth watered with warm blood — of earthly Paradises turned to desert wastes!

Five centuries of barbarism, unnumbered acts of violence — that is what the world owes, O poet, to your idol! You twine garlands for the pestilence, you sing hymns to the tiger, and pay no heed to our groans.

Bethink yourself! Your brutal, sacrilegious hymn is scorn of God and man. For us, our sword is unsheathed to set an end to accursed oppression, to the black shame of our age.

No thought of loot or gain shall stir our souls. We shall write a great epic with our blood. We shall bring liberty to the dungeon of the slave. We shall do once more as the dead Prometheus did.

We bring the sunlight in where sombre shadow reigns; and in those accursed halls where our brothers bent beneath the yoke, you shall weep upon the hangman's tomb, on the day when the new light shines forth there.

We may also quote the verses addressed to the Bulgarian fatherland: —

Dear Fatherland, you buy your laurels dear; upon the glorious road whereon you tread, the lives of your own sons are sown without ceasing.

Our souls are dull and dark. Lord, give us strength to bear our heavy cross unto the end!

. . . O Bulgaria, mother of knights, mother crowned with a bloody laurel, you who have guarded unto the end your spirit heroic — glory to you! Glory eternal!

You heroes whom death has spared, you wholesome sons of a wholesome mother,

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wreathed to-day in green garlands, to you glory! Incorruptible glory!

You heroes whose bones lie on the fields of battle, precious victims of an ideal of right, you who forever are dear to us, to you glory! Glory eternal!

'My songs are the living echo of the national soul,' the poet used to say, 'and that soul will not die. So long as hearts still beat with dolorous joy in our free land, my songs will still be read.'

A grateful Bulgaria has given to her national poet the burial he deserved. It remains only to publish a definitive edition of his works, which now are scattered in a hundred books and anthologies. Let us hope that the Bulgarian Academy will undertake the task.

LE COQ D'OR

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN

[*The celebrated Russian author who contributes to* Figaro *this sketch in French is at present making his home in Paris, like so many other Russian refugees. In an introductory note, the editor of the French newspaper says that Kuprin may be called the 'spiritual son' of Tolstoi, and adds that his gift of penetrating observation and deep feeling have justly won him the title of the 'Russian Maupassant.'*]

From *Le Figaro, April* 23
(Liberal-Nationalist Daily)

That morning — I no longer remember the day, but it was the summer solstice — I awoke at the very point of dawn, awoke sharply, suddenly, without any slow transition between the states of sleep and waking. I awoke fresh and cheerful, knowing that down there beneath my windows, in the clear light of the newborn day, some simple yet exquisite marvel was waiting. Already, even before the dawn, the joyous song of the starling had reached me, and the pert, melodious whistle of the blackbird.

I threw open a window and sat down upon the sill. The air, still cool, was impregnated with the fine, spicy odor of herbs, of flowers, of leaves. In the thick foliage of the chestnut trees, like diaphanous wisps of muslin, traces of the night mists still lingered; but the trees were already stretching out their branches, grown heavy in sleep, and opening gladly yet lazily their millions of eyes. Who, then, has ventured to pretend that trees can neither see nor hear?

But now the starling, joyous prattler that he is, and even that bold, careless whistler, the blackbird, were silent. Perhaps they lent an astonished attention, like myself, to those strange noises, incomprehensible, unheard till now, whose powerful bursts of sound seemed to set every particle of the atmosphere to vibrating. For a few seconds I felt as though from all the earth trumpets of gold and silver were sending up to heaven appeals of unthinkable purity and sonorous beauty. At

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length I understood: the cocks were crowing.

I recognized the vigor and the keenness of their song. Once, long ago, when I was hunting grouse in the immense Russian forests, ten or fifteen miles from any dwelling, I trained my hearing to so high a pitch that I could make out, just before the sun rose, the only two sounds that recalled mankind — the distant whistling of the locomotives and the crowing of the cocks in far-off villages. The last sounds from earth that reached my ears during the silence of balloon ascensions used to be the whistles of little boys and, more persistent still, the triumphant cries of the cocks. And now, in this modest hour, when earth and trees and heaven, coming forth from their life-giving immersion in the freshness of night, were silently resuming their dresses for the day, I fell to musing, greatly moved: 'See, all the cocks are singing here; all of them, to the very last one, young and old; all those that live within the immense space lighted by the sun, and upon which, in a few moments more, the solar rays will gleam in splendor.'

In all the country round about, as far as ear could hear, there was not a village, not a single farm, where every cock, with his head stretched out to heaven and the feathers of his neck bristling, was not hurling forth the sounds of fine, triumphal fury. Everywhere: at Versailles, at St.-Germain, at Malmaison, at Rueil, Suresnes, Garches, Marnes-la-Coquette, Vaucresson, Meudon, in every suburb, simultaneously, were ringing forth the morning songs of hundreds of thousands of inspired cocks. What human orchestra would not seem pitiable, compared to this magic chorus, in which the tone of reddish purple was the dominant?

There were instants when the nearest cocks were silent for a few moments, as if observing a rest rigorously fixed in advance; then I would hear the wave of sound roll out, ever farther and farther, to the extreme limit of hearing, and then, as if rebounding, come rolling back to crash more loudly still upon my windows, the roofs, the summits of the trees; and these great waves of sound rolled from north to south, from east to west, in a kind of enchanted, incomprehensible fugue. So it was, no doubt, that the soldiers of ancient Rome received their victorious Cæsar. The cohorts stationed on the hills and summits first perceived his car of triumph and hailed him from afar with joyful shouts, while from the legions in the plain arose the iron voices of the frenzied warriors, whose ranks already were aflame with the gleam of sparkling eyes.

I listened to this marvelous music with emotion, almost with inspiration. What a strange morning, what an extraordinary morning! Had it reached the cocks of the whole neighborhood, of the whole land, perhaps of all the universe? Who knows? Were they not celebrating, in this morning hour, the year's longest day? Were they not praising all the charms of summer? The warmth of solar rays; the glowing sands; the odorous, savory herbs; the gladness of their victories in love; the gallant joy of combat, when two robust, spur-armed bodies struggled furiously in air, when the supple wings met with dull blows, when the sharp beaks buried themselves in flesh, and when in a cloud of billowing dust there flew plumes and drops of blood? Or were they, perhaps, glorifying the many-thousandth anniversary of the Ancestral Rooster — the progenitor of all the cocks in the world, invincible warrior, sovereign monarch of immeasurable fields, rivers, and forests?

Or perhaps, I said to myself, before beginning the longest day of his summer's work, the sun is late by the mil-

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lionth part of a second; and with all the impatience of devotees, the cocks, the sun's adorers, deifiers of light and warmth, are crying to their god to unveil his fiery face.

Behold, the sun! No living being — man, beast, or bird — has ever known how to seize the moment of his first appearance, to note the instant when everything in the world grows from pale to rose and from rose to gold. Already the golden flame has penetrated everything — heaven, air, and earth. In an ecstatic effort of their highest forces, the innumerable choir, glorying in their happiness, raise a marvelous hymn. And now, I believe, the solar rays themselves resound, like golden bugles, and the hymn of the cocks glows like the face of the sun. The great Cock of Gold swings up across the firmament in fiery solitude. One is ready to recall again the ancient myth of the Phœnix, the fabulous bird that consumed himself to ashes in the fiery glow of evening to rise again from ashes the next morning, amid the smoking, glowing coals of the East.

The cocks of earth fall silent, one by one, first those near at hand, then those more distant, until at last, almost beyond the limit of my hearing, I hear a faint, sweet pianissimo, which presently dies away.

All day long I was held by the spell of that grand and beautiful music. In the afternoon I went to see some friends. In the middle of the court strutted an enormous gamecock. In the glowing light of the sun, the gold of his tunic, the green and blue reflections of his cuirasse of burnished steel, the satin of his red and white ribbons, flamed in dazzling light. Cautiously approaching, I bent above him to ask: 'Was it you, glorious Cock, that sang so beautifully this morning, at the dawn?' He cast an oblique glance of dissatisfaction upon me, turned aside, scratched in the sand to right and left, and grumbled something in a great, hoarse voice. I am not sure I understood aright, and yet I think he said: —

'What 's that to you?'

I took no offense. I am, I know, a man — a poor and feeble man. My dry heart cannot know the sacred ardors of the cock, worshiping his Golden God. Yet is it not permitted to me also to adore, modestly, but after the best fashion that I know, the fair, good sun, eternal, fruitful?

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE WINDMILL

[*Poems from 'Punch,'* 1909–1919]

AWAY to the East the grass-land surges
Acre by acre across the line,
And we must go on to the end like scourges,
Though the wilderness stretch from sea to Rhine;
But I dream some days of a great reveille,
When the buds shall burst in the Blasted Wood,
And the children chatter in Death-Trap Alley,
And a windmill stand where the Windmill stood.
And we that remember the Windmill spinning,
We may go under, but not in vain,
For our sons shall come in the new beginning,
And see that the Windmill spins again.

COVENT GARDEN

BY EILEEN CARFRAE

[*Bookman*]

I KNOW a place in London where the country comes to town.
Any morning up till nine
You may share the joy that 's mine.
And the spoils of Surrey meadow and of lonely Sussex down
You may buy at Covent Garden in the morning.

Should it happen with young April that you tread the primrose way,
You may even come across
Green and golden fronded moss —
Oh, the loveliest things in England may be picked up any day
For a song at Covent Garden in the morning.

IMAGINATION

BY HENRY BRYAN BINNS

[*Hill Tops*]

IN and out of the arabesque
Of words on the white sheet,
A meaning flits and glimmers its
Mischievous elfin feet,

As in and out of the daily task
And traffic men contrive,
Go uninvited presences
To keep their souls alive.

The country of imagination
Shines at the open door,
And we its airy landscape see
As we have eyes therefor.

THE MOOR STREAM

BY CROSBIE GARSTIN

[*Ballad of the 'Royal Ann'*]

SHE heard the Sea's voice swell again,
'Oh, come, my own, my sweet!'
She trembled with its spell again
And sped her crystal feet.

And now by reedy valley-ways
She hastens to his calls,
By willow-latticed alley-ways
And creaming waterfalls.

The choirs of linnets trill to her,
'O little bride, good-bye!'
The blackbird bugles shrill to her
From out the April sky.

CLOUDS IN THE NIGHT

BY H. H.

[*Morning Post*]

THERE blows no wind to stir the sky
Where the great clouds like countries lie,
Strange in their curved immensity.

Still, shadowed spaces, deep and wide,
Those unknown continents divide,
Like seas unswayed by changing tide —

Seas where the stars rest, softly bright
As little islands showing light
To guide the drifting ships at night.

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THE SWISS DRAMA

Ask the average dramatist or theatre-goer what he knows about the Swiss drama and he is likely to indulge in a broad smile and turn you off with a jesting reference to the proverbial activities of the Swiss Navy, or perhaps to the coasts of Bohemia. Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, which the Swiss themselves regard as the national drama, is the work of a dramatist who never even visited Switzerland, and *Marignano*, the most noteworthy modern play dealing with Swiss history, is the work of a German professor who spent most of his time during the war writing Chauvinist poetry.

The Swiss writers who have turned their hands to playwriting have not been notably successful. The novelist, Ernest Zahn, tried a little more than a year ago to write a national drama, *Johannes A Pro*, on a theme somewhat like that of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, but his play was a total failure; and not many native writers for the Swiss stage have achieved reputations beyond the borders of their own country.

Max Pulver and Albert Steffen are perhaps the best known on the Continent and in England. Last year the *Times Literary Supplement* pronounced Pulver 'one of the most promising writers not only in Swiss but in German literature in general,' and asserted that Steffen was 'preëminent among his fellow artists.' Max Pulver has devoted himself to the interpretation of the classical and mediæval world, and several of his works in the neoclassic spirit are touched with Christian mysticism. This is notably true of his early drama, *Alexander der Grosse*, and of his short epic poem, *Merlin*. His play, *Igernes Schuld*, was successfully produced at Munich in 1918.

Albert Steffen has been more successful as a novelist than as a dramatist, and his reputation, if it endures, will hardly be based on his work for the stage. He is a symbolist, almost a spiritualist; and his following after Dostoevskii, though it has not prevented originality, has led him into an apocalyptic atmosphere that sometimes makes his real meaning obscure. Lately he has become interested in the Anthroposophical Movement and has taken to editing an international weekly called *Goetheanum*.

Perhaps the dearth of native drama is due to Switzerland's lack of theatres. Geneva has an opera house of no great reputation, and the plays that it produces are scarcely above the level of its opera. But Zurich is blessed with a *Stadttheater* of European reputation. Unhappily one theatre can no more make a national drama than one swallow can make a summer.

During the war, the Stadttheater was the most cosmopolitan in Europe, for touring theatrical companies from the great Continental belligerents visited it, conducting a kind of dramatic and operatic propaganda. The companies of *La Scala*, at Milan, the *Comédie Française*, and Reinhardt's *Deutsches Theater* all made frequent appearances, and the citizens of Zurich had opportunities to see the art of De Max, Bartet, Le Bargy, Gabrielle Rejane, Alexander Moissi, Gertrud Eysoldt, Hedwig Bleibtreu, Battistini, and many others.

Not to be outdone by their allies, a group of English actors endeavored to establish an English theatre at Zurich; but though their first production, Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earn-*

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est, drew a crowded house, their later efforts met little success. On the Continent, Wilde is painfully overrated, and it was perhaps the popularity of the dramatist and the novelty of the new company, rather than the merits of the actors themselves, that drew the public.

Zurich's *Pfauentheater* is also the home of an excellent repertory company, who play a cosmopolitan bill that includes the best of Shaw, Wilde, Claudel, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Strindberg, Tolstoi, and Gor'kii. It was the Stadttheater, however, that brought the daring German dramatist, Wedekind, to popularity during his early struggles.

The Swiss theatre is closely linked with the German, and it is well known that the Zurich Stadttheater is almost wholly under German influence. Since Swiss actors are almost as scarce as Swiss dramatists, even the players are mostly German and Austrian.

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NEW ENGLISH BOOKS

MANY new, interesting books have lately appeared or are listed for immediate publication in England. Among them are several literary studies of general interest. The *Papers and Correspondence of John Addington Symonds* will be edited by Mr. Horatio F. Brown and published by John Murray. A third and extended edition of Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* is about to appear, to which the author, besides bringing the text up to date, has contributed a new preface examining the results of the latest researches. Mr. P. P. Howe, who is known in the United States for his book on Bernard Shaw, is publishing a new *Life of Hazlitt*.

The publication of this book recalls an interesting Stevenson story. The tradition goes that Stevenson proposed to contribute a volume on Hazlitt to the English Men of Letters Series, which was then appearing under the editorship of Lord Morley, who was at that time plain Mr. John Morley; but the editor declined the book on the ground that Hazlitt was not sufficiently important as a literary figure to be included in the series, and that in any event Stevenson was too insignificant a writer to contribute to the series.

Two interesting volumes of poetry have just appeared, one grave and the other gay. Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson are printing a volume of *Selected Poems of John Drinkwater*, chosen by the author from his entire poetic works up to and including *Seeds of Time*, which appeared last year. The same publishers are presenting a second series of *Poems of To-day*, compiled by the English Association, with biographical notes on the seventy-two authors represented in the collection. The first series was issued in 1915, and was very successful.

A collection entitled, *Poems from 'Punch,'* 1909–1919, has gathered up some of the most amusing poems that the famous humorous publication has printed during that period. Perhaps as amusing as anything else in the book is a poem about taxation by Mr. E. G. V. Knox, which begins: —

> Ye great brown hares, grown madder, through the spring!
> Ye birds that utilize your tiny throttles
> To make the archways of the forest ring
> Or go about your easy house-hunting!
> Ye toads! ye axolotls!

and from that madcap introduction works up to the still greater madness of modern taxation.

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THE 'UNIVERSITY CITY' AT PARIS

STUDENTS from all the world will meet in the new *Cité Universitaire*, which is to replace a section of the old fortifications close to the Parc de Montsouris, thus providing comfort-

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able and healthy quarters at reasonable prices for both French and foreign students at the Sorbonne. The scheme has the support of M. Appel, Rector of the University of Paris, Professor Henri Bergson, and the wealthy manufacturer M. Deutsch-de-la-Meurthe, supporter of French aviation in the earlier stages of its progress, who has given 10,000,000 francs in support of the new plan.

It is proposed to build the *cité* on a piece of land, a little over 20 acres in extent, which is becoming available through the demolition of the old fortifications. The land has been transferred by the Paris Municipal Council to the University of Paris for 13,500,000 francs (about £270,000) under an agreement by which the University is to erect the buildings, while the Council defrays the cost of dismantling the fortifications and acquires a still larger area on the opposite side of the fortifications from the Parc de Montsouris and turns it into a special park for the use of the University City, which will thus be very pleasantly situated between two parks. Over six acres in the centre of the site have been placed at the disposal of England, Canada, and China. The scheme has enthusiastic supporters in England and it seems likely that many other countries will join in the movement, since education in Paris is almost international.

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AN ENTOMOLOGICAL MORALITY PLAY

A FANTASTIC comedy of an unusual sort has just been presented at the National Theatre, Prague. The *Life of Insects*, by Karel and Joseph Capek, is in three acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. The play is based on an analogy between the life of human beings and the life of insects, and the authors are frank in admitting their debt to Henri Fabre, the famous French entomologist. The prologue presents the central figure of the play, who is also the author's mouthpiece — a tramp who stands by, philosophizing, throughout the comedy.

The first act takes us among the butterflies. There are women coquettes, Iris and Clythie. There is Felix, and the love-sick poet, Victor, and Otakar, a society dandy. This quick, sparkling act shows the lives of the butterflies, their loves and their flirtations, ending in the death of Victor, who is snatched up by a bird while he is pursuing Iris, who bursts into hysterical laughter as she relates the incident.

The next act shows us less beautiful insects, beetles and crickets. Mr. and Mrs. Beetle are looking for a place to hide their capital, a huge ball of dirt, which they roll about in the ecstacy of possession. Mr. and Mrs. Cricket, young and joyful, are in quest of a new home for their family when they are both killed by a bald-headed, hooked-nosed insect whose beautiful daughter can thrive only on a diet of crickets.

The last act takes us into the Ant World, where everything is militaristic, efficient, and industrialized to the highest degree. There is a great war between two rival ant-hills, and this act affords an opportunity for savage satire aimed at dictators, generals, inventers, and politicians.

The epilogue is called 'Life and Death,' and shows the dance of the ephemeral day-flies, which whirl about on a moonlit pond and die in all their beauty. The tramp, who passes from amusement at the life of the butterflies to horror at the conflicts of the other insects, cannot face this final tragedy of Beauty and Youth dying in their very birth. He too dies, and two snails crawl out of the earth to watch his struggles, with ironical comments.

But the play does not end here. The star-strewn night gives place to a dawn filled with the singing of birds. Another

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tramp passes on his way through the woods, and greets with a blithe 'good morning' a peasant woman passing through the forest with her child. So the play ends on a high note of faith and hope for the future.

✻

'HILL TOPS'

'IT cannot be included, with mild praise or damnation, in the ever-flowing stream of contemporary verse,' remarks Mr. Richard Church, himself a poet, in a review of *Hill Tops*, a new book of poems by Mr. Henry Bryan Binns, which has recently appeared in London. Mr. Binns's achievement so far is that of a minor poet. There is, it is true, nothing dazzingly new in his verse, but neither is there, as Mr. Church has occasion to remark, any hint of the usual 'bewildered minor voice.' His poetry does not 'date.' He stands apart from his fellows.

Mr. Binns ventures to write poems about the moon — a perilous business nowdays, for poets have been at it since poetry began. Could anything be more banal than a line about 'the silver moon'? Perhaps so, but it is hard to think what that particular superbanality could be. Yet the adroit Mr. Binns navigates his poetic bark neatly between Scylla and Charybdis, and contrives to achieve genuine beauty in the process. *His* moon is 'like a vivid shaving of bright silver.'

The stanza from the 'New Moon' in which this line occurs perhaps best illustrates the vivid definition of his images: —

Like a petal falling,
Like a bright shaving of silver,
He sees the moon go drifting down the sky.
He hears in the yew-boughs, yonder on the slope,
An owl hooting. The moon is drifting. Hark!
Over the hills, like the current Earth makes whirling,
Wheeling her way through Time, blows the west wind,
Brightening again the sky. He sees the moon
Not drifting at all, but with keen prow cutting
The waves of the west wind,
Sailing into the west.

✻

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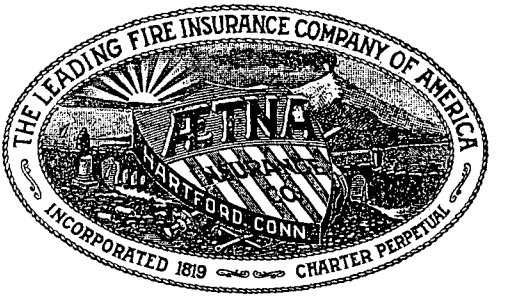

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